

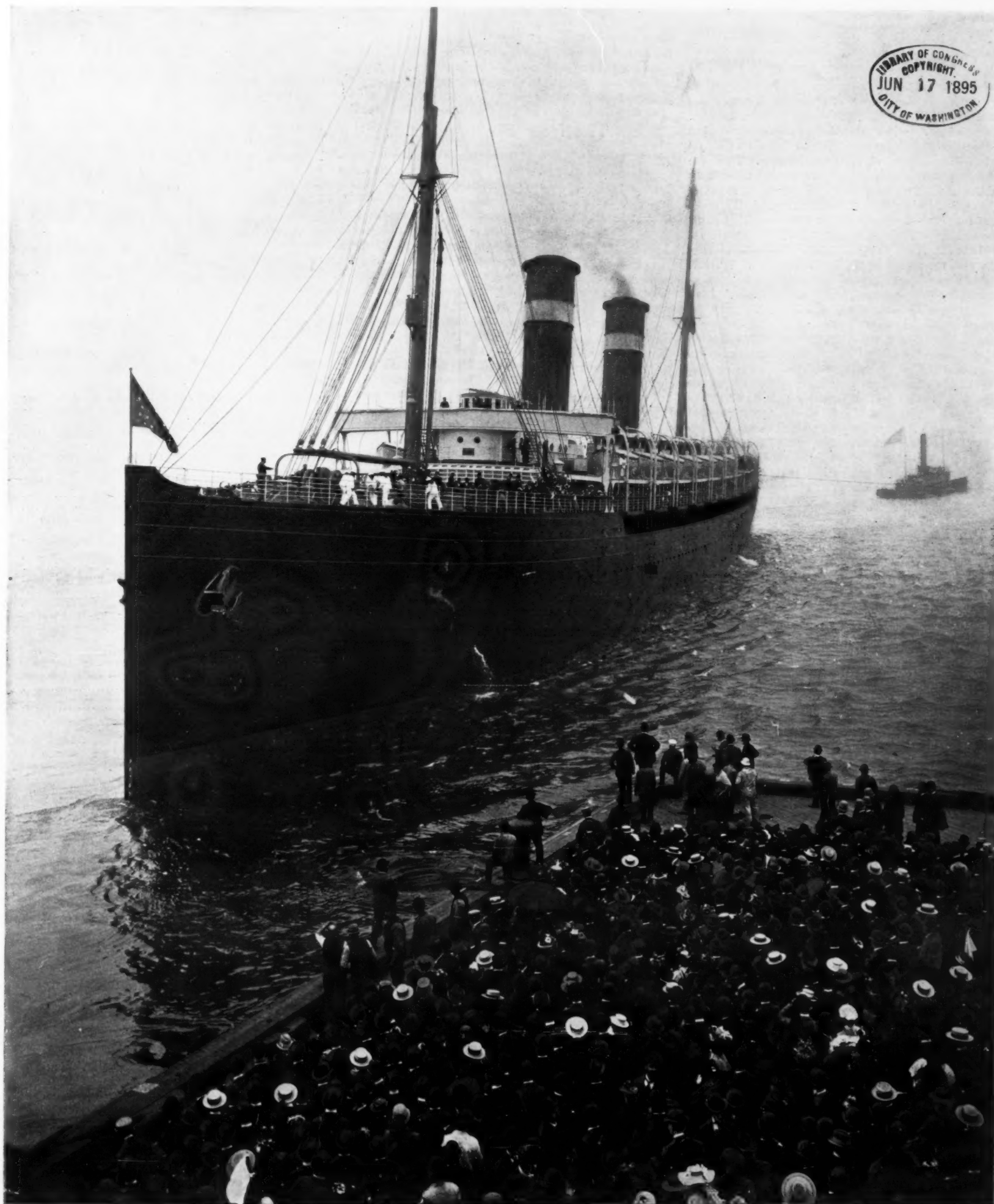
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1895.

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THE AMERICAN FLAG RESTORED TO THE SEAS.

POPULAR OVATION TO THE AMERICAN-BUILT STEAMSHIP "ST. LOUIS," OF THE AMERICAN LINE, ON HER DEPARTURE FROM THIS PORT
ON HER INITIAL VOYAGE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY RAU.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Coming Legislative Campaign.

THE coming Legislative campaign in this State will be one of extraordinary interest. It will turn upon issues of vital consequence to the future of the commonwealth. There will be, of course, the usual party alignments, but exceptional circumstances are likely to beget an unusual degree of independence on the part of voters. There are thousands of Republicans and some Democrats who cannot be held to partisan nominations which are out of harmony with the quickened reform spirit of the time. It is already evident that the reform element in the Republican party will be an influential factor in determining the general result. It is idle to deny that there is a widespread dissatisfaction with the record of the last Legislature. While it obeyed in some respects the popular demands, its acquiescence was, for the most part, sullen and reluctant. As to some very important matters, it put open contempt upon the popular will. As a result of this fact, movements are already on foot for an effective State organization of those who desire to see the party faithfully fulfill its pledges to the people. Good government clubs, composed of citizens in favor of the elimination of vicious influences from our politics, and of the elevation of the standards of public service, are also to be organized in all the larger cities and towns of the State. A primary purpose of these organizations will be to secure municipal reform here and elsewhere on a non-partisan basis. These and other similar organizations will oppose the nomination and election of any man to the Legislature whose attitude as to reform is at all uncertain. Special attention, it is understood, will be given to the Senate. This body will hereafter consist of fifty instead of thirty members, all of whom will be chosen in November. Several gentlemen who were conspicuous in the last Legislature for the prostitution of their legislative functions to the furtherance of personal ends are candidates for renomination, and all of these will be vigorously antagonized. In some instances it is threatened that, if renominated, the obnoxious men will be opposed by independent Republican candidates who are in sympathy with the better ideals of public service.

The Republican leaders of the State cannot afford to ignore or despise these significant indications of the popular temper. The safety of the party lies in frankly recognizing and respecting its awakened conscience. A policy of nominations adjusted to any other standard than that which it demands will result inevitably in disaster. The Republican party was never so strong, never so influential in affairs, never so largely contributive to the public good, as when, in former years, it recognized the opinion of its best element, and furnished to the service of the State and country men fully in accord with its highest impulses. If it is ever to recover its prestige and become again the supreme force for righteousness in American politics, it must put itself abreast of the sentiment which now, more than ever before, demands capacity, integrity, and loyalty to conviction in all servants of the people, and purity and respect for the public will, alike in legislative and administrative policy. The men who inculcate any other gospel, and who seek to attain success along the low levels of selfish partisanship, should be thrust aside as unworthy of the confidence of a party which is committed by all its traditions to maintain and carry out the principles of upright, patriotic government.

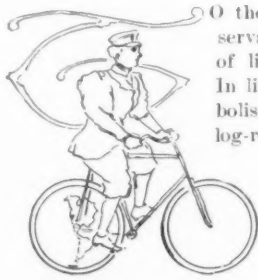
The Tariff.



HAT will the next Republican Congress do with the tariff? That is a question which is attracting a good deal of attention among thoughtful men. It is obvious that action of some sort will be necessary. The actual deficit in revenue during the first nine months under the Wilson law, ending on June 1st, was \$56,713,950. The most favorable official estimates place the deficit for the seventeen months ending with the 1st of December next at eighty-eight millions of dollars. This must be provided for either by tariff legislation or by a further issue of bonds. It is undoubtedly true that Republicans generally would be glad

to escape the necessity of disturbing the tariff, unfriendly as it is to many interests, but the party must deal with fiscal conditions as they exist. The fact that Mr. Cleveland would probably refuse to sign any bill antagonizing in any respect the features of the Wilson bill cannot relieve Congress of its responsibility in the premises. It must do its duty, wholly irrespective of actual or imaginary obstacles. One method of replenishing the treasury, and this is the plan favored by Senator Sherman, would be to restore the tariff on luxuries—laces, diamonds, velvets, wines, cigars, and other articles of the kind. Over forty millions of dollars were sacrificed by the Democratic reduction of the rates on these and similar articles. Then the tax on beer could be increased to two dollars a barrel, which would give another substantial addition to the revenues. This increase would, of course, be resisted by the brewing interest, but its wishes ought not to be determinative as against obvious public necessity. As to legislation beyond this point, involving a very extended revision of the manufacturing schedules, there may be differences of opinion. Our own view is that radical legislation should be avoided as far as possible. But that the general subject will compel attention at the hands of Congress, and that it will enter more or less prominently as an issue into the next campaign, admits of no doubt whatever.

The New Foolishness.



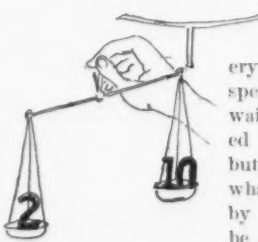
O the man who has leisure to be observant this appears to be not a day of little things, but of new things. In literature we have the new symbolism and new criticism—or new log-rolling, as some prefer to term it.

New schools of painting are attracting attention daily, and the drama is hysterical with new types. There is the new woman, there are new reformers, and, metaphysically speaking, the intellectual atmosphere of the world is pungent with the smell of varnish. Solomon's *blazé* remark about all things under the sun is at last discredited. Every teacher is clamoring of new discoveries and trying to convince the world that the puddle on which he has raised a storm is the well of eternal truth.

Although it is desirable that the store of human knowledge and beauty should be increased, it is not desirable that people should lose sight of all that is simple and sane, and that has endured through the ages. The old Etruscan gold is still as valuable and beautiful as any mined from newer veins, and there is always a possibility that the newly-discovered vein may contain only glittering pyrites. The great danger of these new movements is that they will attract the young and enthusiastic away from what is enduring to what is merely sporadic and ephemeral, and so cause them to waste much precious time—if it does not permanently warp their minds.

This age does not lack for leaders but for restrainers. There is a need for teachers who will promulgate doctrines of healthful conservatism and keep us from dissipating our energies in following things that may prove to be merely chimeras. This constant straining for what is new is as much due to feverishness as to an outburst of intellectual energy. It is not necessary to the progress of the world that every leader should blaze out a new path for himself and his followers, and while it is probable that many of these movements will end in some lasting good, it is to be hoped that they will not distract us much longer from things that have already been discovered and approved. At the present time there is an urgent need for a new revival of interest in things that are old.

A Reductio ad Absurdum.



HE citizen who has watched the groaning of the machinery of the criminal law in Inspector McLaughlin's case, and waited for an output, must be filled with contempt, not of court, but for the dreary absurdities of what we call our system of trial by jury. Mistrial by jury would be a better name. The mistrial was begun April 15th. The second attempt at a trial was begun May 20th. By dint of forced speed and night sessions the twelfth and last of those mysterious dispensations of Providence called jurors was finally secured and sworn in on June 5th. Three days later, on the morning of the 8th, a verdict of guilty was reached on precisely the same evidence which was presented in the original trial.

In this first trial the first juror took his seat on Monday, April 15th. By custom he became foreman of the inchoate twelve. Judge George C. Barrett, who had presided in the trial of Dr. Meyer for poisoning, and in many other notable cases, sat on the bench. Dr. Meyer's case is mentioned because it has entailed an expense of nearly a hundred thousand dollars on the county, and the doctor still lives. The prisoner whose ordeal Judge Barrett was now to direct was next to the chief in authority over four thousand policemen, to whose interest it was believed to be that he should escape the clutches of the law. The counsel

for the prosecution were ex-Surrogate D. G. Rollins, assistant under a famous New York district attorney many years ago, and afterward himself chief official prosecutor; Austen G. Fox, an eminent civil practitioner, and John R. Fellows, who was an assistant district attorney twenty-four years ago, and has been in that office continuously since, save for his term of service in Congress. Surely the case of the State was to be handled with the skill born of long experience and consummate ability. Nor was the prisoner less ably provided with counsel. Here, indeed, there was to be a fine exhibition of the good old "Anglo-Saxon trial by jury," which isn't Anglo-Saxon at all, but Anglo-Norman, of the middle of the thirteenth century. The outraged majesty of the law, providing the outrage could be proven, was assuredly to be avenged as befitted the majesty of the imperial metropolis of the Empire State of America, while good citizens, from Key West to Seattle, who had read of the great reforms in progress in New York, and expected practical results from them, would look on and say well done. No wonder the counsel who opened for the defense, conscious that he was addressing the nation, said: "The history of the city of New York contains no record of any case the correct decision of which is fraught with greater interest to the cause of good government, everywhere, than this!"

Twenty-two days later, every one of which cost the tax-payers dear, the first jury of twelve men had been secured. Fifty days later the second jury was complete. Nobody knows why a jury is twelve. The jury "of the great assize" under Henry II. was sixteen in number, and new jurors were added, as desired, until out of them all twelve could be found to agree. Unanimity was not so desirable in those days as to be purchased, as now, at a cost of annual hundreds of thousands in every community which has received the fetich of the unanimous dozen from the worshipful era of Edward III.

In due course of time the first presentment of miscarriage was verified, and on May 11th the jurors reported the hopelessness of attempts to secure a unanimous verdict, and were discharged by the judge from further consideration of the case. They stood two for acquittal—or at least for a refusal to agree with their fellows—and ten for conviction. Here is a plain statement of what this miscarriage of justice probably cost.

Rental value of court-room and of jury room occupied, in new criminal-court building; say \$20 per day for twenty-four actual working-days	\$480
Salary of presiding judge at \$17,500 a year, of less than three hundred working-days, for twenty-four actual days' work	1,392
Salaries of stenographer at \$2,500, of two clerks at \$2,000, of eight court officers at \$1,200, twenty-four working-days, and of six subpoena services at \$1,200 each, for time employed, estimated	1,472
Jury fees paid to talesmen	2,000
(Jurors get \$2 a day for each day they answer after the first roll-call.)	
Cost of feeding and lodging jurors at a Broadway hotel, and of carriages to and from the hotel, and for drives on Sundays, in Central Park, estimated	550
Salaries of another judge at \$17,500, of the Commissioner of Jurors at \$5,000, and of the sheriff at \$20,000, during the seven days they were engaged in drawing this jury, about	1,000
Incidental expenses connected with the preparation of the case by the prosecution, including the sending for witnesses, procuring information not necessarily used on the trial, type-writing and stenography, detectives, etc.	2,500
Salaries of district attorney and his regular assistant, and cost of high-priced special prosecutors in court twenty-four days, and in the preparation of the case	25,000
Total, about	\$34,344

And all for a "mistrial," because, forsooth, we still swear by the fetich of the unanimous dozen.

It is obvious that the difficulty experienced in securing the twelve men for jury duty necessitates most of this expense. Of the twenty-four days consumed, only one-twelfth, two days, were used in the trial itself. Could jurors have been procured in two days, as ought to be feasible, it would seem, there need have been but four instead of twenty-four days to pay for, and the cost of the trial would have been about five thousand dollars instead of thirty-five thousand dollars. The extra thirty thousand dollars is clearly chargeable to the jury system. It is too expensive to be so unsatisfactory. Where is the legal Parkhurst who will undertake to reform it?

A Real Metropolis.



It may be that we are drawing near to the psychological moment, as our French brethren put it, in the history of New York. We have had an attempt at honest and honorable municipal government better organized and more persistent, to all appearances, than any that has preceded it. The cause of science is obtaining splendid recognition in the buildings of the new Columbia which are rising on New York's acropolis. Near at hand a great cathedral is to furnish a rallying point of effort in the causes of religion and philanthropy. The sanitary and educational aspects of our common schools are being studied with a newly-awakened intelligence. After years of waiting, which have been a reproach to the city, the combination of the Astor and Lenox libraries and the Tilden fund promises a free library worthy of the city's greatness. Popular science is to be

recognized in the opening of a comprehensive aquarium at one end of Manhattan Island, and of a great zoological garden and arboretum at the other. No one who knows his New York can have failed to note the increase of substantial interest in the welfare of the people, in the building of hospitals, plans for small parks, improvement of tenement-houses, free kindergartens, the promotion of the free-library system, the work of settlements among the poor, and the wider application of already extensive charities. The cause of municipal art has received substantial recognition. A powerful sentiment has been developed against the multiplication of caricatures in stone and bronze, and in favor of the fitting construction and decoration of public buildings and the untrammelled application of sound landscape art to parks and boulevards. In architecture there have been enough notable additions to our buildings to teach some lessons whose value has not been hidden by the invasion of balloon-frame monstrosities. Our very shop-windows show a quickening of art feeling in arrangements of color and form which daily exert some influence.

It needs but little to kindle the spark of civic pride into a flame which shall burn brightly and steadily. Let us face the truth. New York, for most of its inhabitants, has been one vast bargain-counter. Day by day the multitudes have jostled and crowded each other in their haste for gain. It has been a city of material ends, a mart, a place of money-making and also of money-spending—the most attractive of our cities for one who would be in and of the world, but a city whose people have been bound together by no ties of municipal allegiance. Our rulers have been men of neither intellectual nor social standing. The management of civic affairs has been abandoned abjectly to those whom we despised. It is a new sensation to have men in office fitted by their position and education to receive social or intellectual recognition. The novelty of this experience is quickening the dormant feeling of civic pride. Men are beginning to talk of loyalty to the city almost as they talked of loyalty to the country in 1861. The various phases of development which we have touched upon are only beginnings. They are mere hints of the possibilities of a New York greater not only in territory and population, but also in honorable government, in the necessities and conveniences, transit, pavements, order, cleanliness, and quiet, in the full recognition of letters, science, and art, and best of all, in the uplifting of a standard of patriotic and unselfish devotion to the city's cause. There are signs that the dawn of this day is at hand. It rests with the citizens to prove these signs true or false.



REPUBLICANISM in Kentucky is every year becoming more vigorous and aggressive. The recent State convention, which nominated Colonel W. O. Bradley for Governor, was large in numbers and enthusiastic in spirit, and it is obvious that the party is getting into shape for one of the most effective fights in its history. There was not entire unanimity as to the silver question, but the following resolution was adopted by a majority which leaves no doubt at all as to the dominant sentiment of the party: "We are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, believing that it will involve the country in financial ruin. We believe in a sound currency and in the use of both gold and silver for coinage, provided always that a dollar in one is made precisely as valuable as a dollar in the other." The nominee for Governor is widely known as a man of high ability and great force of character, and if victory is among the possibilities he will win it.

A CONGREGATIONALIST pastor of Springfield, Massachusetts, was recently invited to the pastorate of a wealthy Presbyterian Church of this city, with a salary double that he is now receiving. He declined. Big as the salary was, he was unwilling to accept it at the sacrifice of convictions deliberately formed and conscientiously entertained. There were some doctrines of the Presbyterian faith to which he could not assent; he could have kept silent and taken the place offered, but he preferred to be honest alike with himself and those who desired his services. There are a good many more men of this sort in the ministry than some captious folk are willing to admit, but there are enough of the other sort to justify special mention of this incident. Perhaps if the truth were known it would be discovered that not a few of the clergy who are now in the Presbyterian pulpit would find it difficult to accept all the articles of the denominational standards if they were subjected to a categorical inquiry.

A DEMOCRATIC State Senator down in South Carolina recently declared in a public address that "he would be the first man to shoot any white man that attempted to lead the negro to the polls. He said that he believed on hundred determined white men could carry the election for whom they pleased, though there were seven thousand negro voters in the county." There is no doubt that the bloodthirsty sentiment here avowed represents the spirit and purpose of a considerable element of the South Carolina Democracy. These conspirators against law and the

rights of the blacks have so long maintained their supremacy by the bulldozing method that they cannot for a moment tolerate the idea of a return to orderly practices and the consequent loss of their power. They will find, however, that they cannot much longer resist the new spirit which is abroad among the more intelligent and patriotic class, and that, however they may dislike to do so, they will be compelled to submit to the constitution and the laws. The day is past forever when any Ku Klux gang can terrorize the people of any State of the American union.

THE Turkish government has at last made a formal reply to the joint proposals of the Powers in reference to reforms in Armenia. As we predicted, the reply is unsatisfactory. The London News declares that it is "the very fatuousness of Turkish presumption, Turkish folly, and Turkish ignorance and hardness of heart." It is said that the Powers will now make a naval demonstration in the Bosphorus, with a view of emphasizing their demands. It may be that such a demonstration will have some effect upon Turkish opinion, but we doubt it. Something more decisive than a mere show of power will be required to secure acquiescence in the scheme of reforms which has been formulated in the interest of the oppressed Armenians. Considerations of humanity have no weight at all with the Turk, and he will yield nothing to civilization which he is not compelled to yield. He must be taken by the throat and given a dose of his own methods of strangulation before he will relax in the least his clutch upon the unfortunate Armenian victims of his brutality. It is possible that the force of events of recent occurrence outside of Armenia will compel the Powers to apply this drastic treatment.

THE State convention of the silver Democracy of Illinois does not seem to have altogether realized the expectations of its sponsors, but it certainly was a very significant indication of the extent to which the silver delusion has permeated the party in that State. Senator Palmer estimates the active constituency of the delegates composing the convention at only fifteen thousand; Governor Altgeld, on the contrary, claims that ninety per cent. of the Democrats of the State are in favor of free silver coinage. The truth probably is that at least one-third of the voters heretofore acting with the Democracy are in active sympathy with the policy and purposes of the silver party. The action of the recent convention makes it certain that this will break away from the Democratic organization if it shall adhere to sound-money principles. On the other hand, if the silverites should get control of the party, the sound-money element will be compelled to secede. Thus the Republicans, provided they stand true to the party declarations on this monetary question, must in any event be the gainers. A question which concerns so intimately the public welfare ought to be decided without reference to party lines, and the disintegrating processes now at work afford some ground for a belief that this will be the final outcome of the struggle.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

I HAVE been reading that book with the extraordinary title, "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham"—truly the growth and spread of the Meredithian title is marvelous—by a very clever young woman, who dubs herself "John Oliver Hobbs." I know it's a young woman because the front of the volume is graced with a portrait of the author which is indisputably feminine, with the quality of youth, and besides, internal evidence gives proof of the femininity of the source of the book quite as uncontroversial as the prefacing picture. My curiosity about it was aroused by the casual and epigrammatic remark concerning it of a professor in literature at one of our universities, whose terse summary was: "Meredith plus Congreve." It was pretty hard for me to understand how so infinite and all-embracing a personage as Meredith could be *plus* anything or anybody, but the professorial epigram insidiously aroused my curiosity, and I read the book, with the interesting and curious result that the professor's meaning was rendered luminous and comprehensible. There was present in it a quality of Meredith; evanescent and impalpable, true, but nevertheless there, and beside much brilliant sparkle that the old dramatist need have had no qualms in owning to. But the story itself is as crude and formless a fiction as has ever come under my eye. There is piercing, satiric wit, humor, humanity, and much that is dramatic, but pieced together with only a tolerable skill. There is no firm grasp of character, though a keen insight into it; it eludes the author and plays havoc with the verisimilitude of the tale. With all these faults and limitations—how easy to detect them in everything, how difficult to elude them yourself—the book is entertaining, even more than that—worth reading.

The chroniclers of theatrical affairs in our various newspapers have been thrown into spasms of reminiscence by the benefit performance, for the veteran actor, C. W. Coudock, of "The Rivals," a fortnight ago. But none of them, so far as I have seen, have memories that reach back eight years to May 10th, 1887, when a testimonial performance was given to the same actor on the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance on the stage. The forgetfulness

or neglect of those whose business it is to record these matters is my excuse—though I really need none—for recalling that afternoon's entertainment and the men who took part in it. First came the third act of "Hamlet," with Edwin Booth; then the screen scene from the "School for Scandal," with Fanny Davenport as *Lady Teazle*, and dear old John Gilbert as *Sir Peter*; the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar," with Lawrence Barrett; and finally the third act of "The Rivals," with a cast in every way superior to the one of two weeks ago. Mr. Jefferson was, of course, *Bob Acres*; Mr. James O'Neill was the *Sir Lucius*; Mr. Bellevue the *Captain Absolute*—quite the best I've ever seen; Mr. Denham the *David*, Mrs. John Drew the *Mrs. Malaprop*, and Miss Annie Robe the *Lydia Languish*. I doubt if that act of Sheridan's masterpiece was ever better performed; it certainly stands out in my memory as the most notable of many notable performances, and I take pleasure in recalling it when it seems well-nigh forgotten.

There have been conflicting reports concerning the death of Frederic Locker, or Locker-Lampson, as he changed it to in later life, but there seems little doubt as I write this that the author of the "London Lyrics" has passed away. To most who know his verses, so full of youthful charm and humor as they are, it will be a surprise to know that he was over seventy. The name of the author of the "Rhymes and Lyrics" will be perennial, however. The forerunner of Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, and all who have made dainty verse the vehicle of dainty thought, much of his work will be remembered and treasured when perhaps theirs is lost. As the collector and owner of the famous Rowfant library he was known to bibliophiles the world over; it was a favorite saying with him that he had so many books he was ashamed of them. He had no need to say that of the books of his own making.

The unlooked-for success of the *Century Magazine's* now famous Napoleonic poster, "The Sun of Austerlitz," has led that publication's advertising department to try again, and the result is another striking example of the work of Eugene Grasset, this time "Napoleon in Egypt." Pictorially it is better than the first, but it does not demand the same attention as the former; it is more subdued in color, less eccentric in its treatment, and in nowise forces attention as the other did. But it will be of mighty interest and import to the collectors, and newsdealers will do well to hold on to it till the demand is brisk. "The Sun of Austerlitz" is now worth from one to three dollars.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—HELEN KELLER, the young Alabama girl who was born deaf, dumb, and blind, and whose remarkable mental development has attracted the attention of many people of note in this country, is now studying vocal expression at a famous school for the deaf on one of the handsomest avenues in New York City. She articulates remarkably well considering her infirmities, and at a reception given in the school recently, was able to distinguish and call by name about one hundred people whom she had previously met. She hears by holding her fingers over the mouth of the person addressing her, and her facility in understanding what is said to her is little short of the miraculous. All teachers of the deaf agree in awarding the highest praise to her teacher, Miss Sullivan, who is constantly with her. Some of Helen's compositions reveal beautiful thought, and show that excellent mental strength sits behind the closed eyes.

—Miss Chisholm's feat in taking a doctor's degree at Göttingen is not only remarkable as a proof of her own scholarly merit, but also important in blazing the way for other women of perhaps equal ability but less pluck and persistence. Hereafter it will be perfectly feasible for a graduate of Radcliffe or Vassar or Barnard to go to Germany for a Ph.D., as her brothers have done for so many years past, and to return with the most highly-prized of all "sheepskins." It is a wonderful augury of the new woman's progress in scholarship.

—Mrs. Langtry declares herself so much pleased with the United States that she has determined to put her daughter Jeanne, who is now thirteen years old, at school in New York. Mrs. Langtry says that before she became an actress she hesitated whether to go on the stage or to try market-gardening. She had a famous garden in Jersey Lane, and had an aptitude for that sort of profession. But what interests her most now, even more than the stage, is her racing stable and stud farm at Newmarket, and when in England she contrives to spend two or three days a week there.

—The new Attorney-General of the United States, Hon. Judson Harmon, of Ohio, is one of the ablest and most popular lawyers of that State. He is forty-nine years of age, is about six feet two inches in height, athletic in appearance, and well preserved, though his hair is slightly tinged with gray. In any assembly he would attract attention.



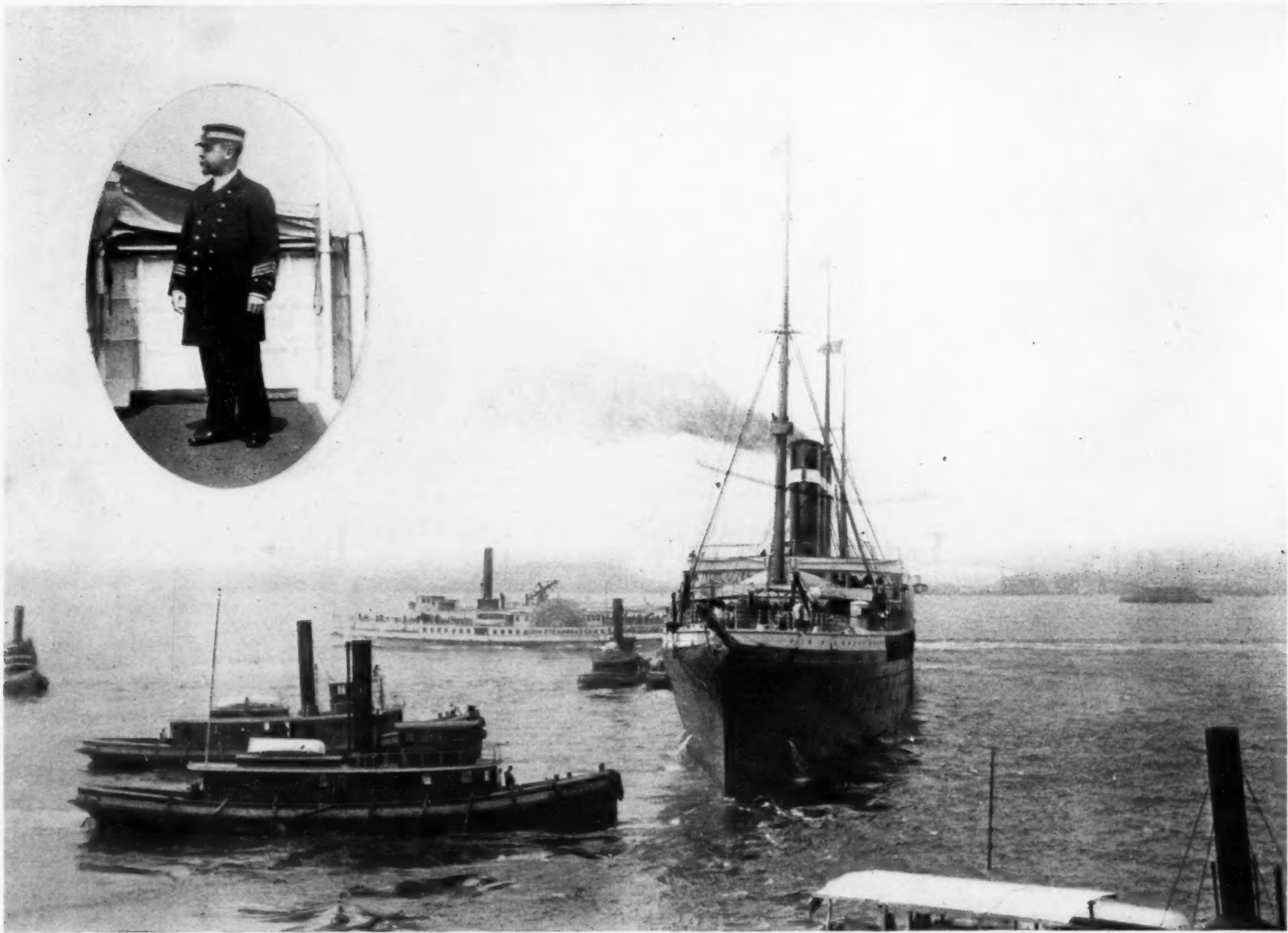
SECOND SENIOR OFFICER.



CHIEF OFFICER.



SECOND OFFICER.



CAPTAIN JAMISON.

THE AMERICAN LINER "NEW YORK" LEAVING HER NORTH RIVER DOCK.



THIRD OFFICER.

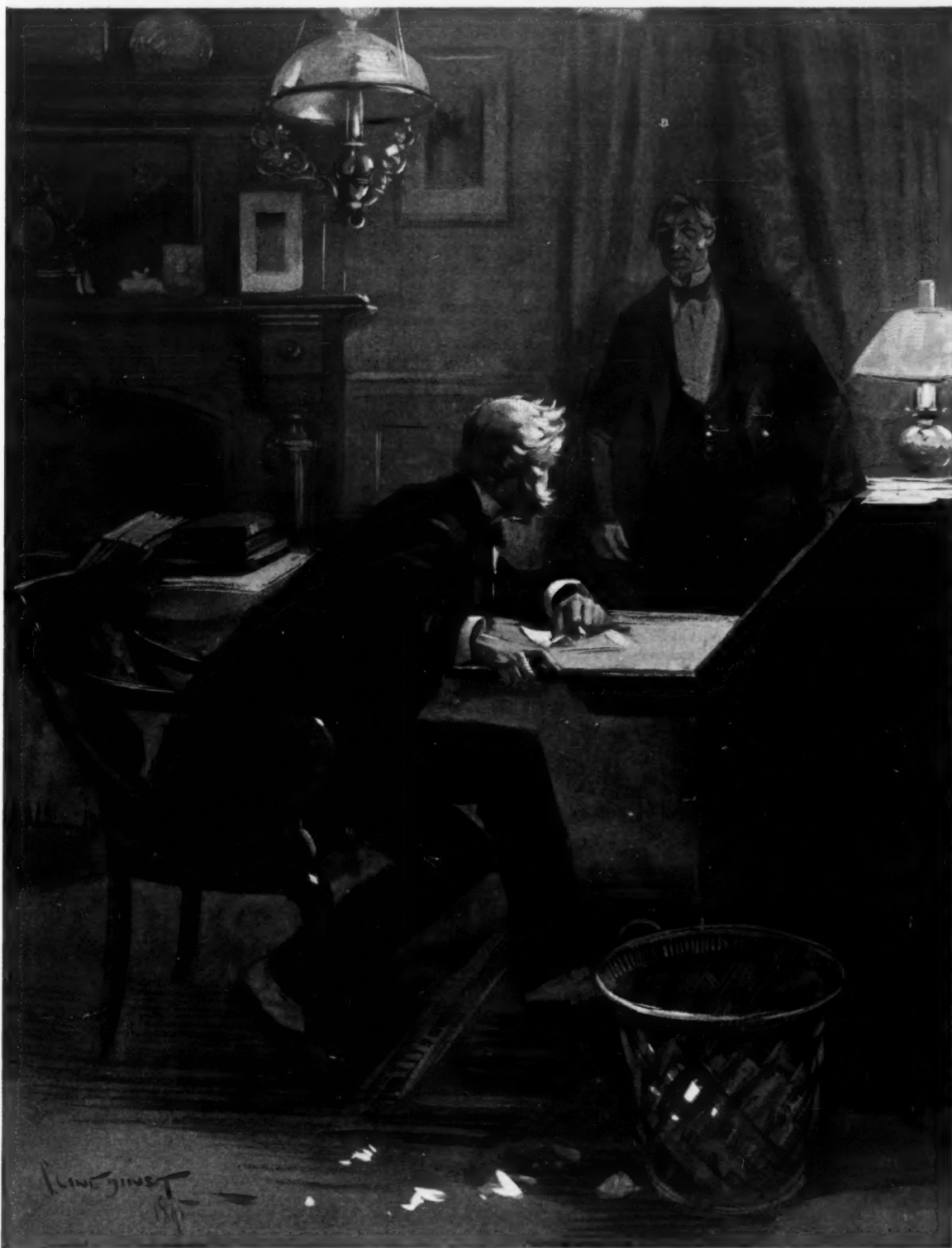


SECOND OFFICER.



FOURTH OFFICER.

HEADING FOR EUROPE—THE SHIP'S OFFICERS UPON WHOSE EFFICIENCY AND FIDELITY DEPEND THE SAFETY AND COMFORT OF TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGERS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 412.]



"Kilpatrick turned with a start and beheld a dim form standing within the shadow of the door."

LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. AND II.—Desmond Macartney and Dulcie Kilpatrick, the niece of Lord Kilpatrick, are introduced, together with others, guests at the lord's mansion. At the house Mr. Blake, a free living friend of the old lord's, quarrels with a lawyer named Feagus, who is also one of the guests, along with the Conseltines, father and son. The elder Conseltine tells Feagus that Desmond Macartney is a child of the old earl's and Moya Macartney, who went through a mock marriage together. Feagus undertakes to see that the will which the old earl is about to execute is drawn in favor of the Conseltines.

II.—(Continued).

PEEBLES had reached the door when his lordship's voice arrested him.

"Stay! stay, sir, I—ha!—I command you!"

"Too late," said Peebles, coolly. "I'm no longer at your lordship's orders—I'm discharged."

"No, no!" said Kilpatrick. "Why do you provoke me, Peebles? I have been a good master to you—a forbearing master. If we parted I should—I should miss you."

"Nae doot o' that," returned Peebles.

"Dismiss me, and ye dismiss your conscience. Dismiss me, and the de'il has ye, tooth and nail."

His lordship laughed, but with no aspect of enjoyment.

"You're an assuming old scoundrel, Peebles. My conscience? Gad! my conscience, indeed!"

"Aye, and your conscience says, 'Make amends to your ain begotten son, the bairn o' the puir lass who died for your sake, and who loved ye, Lord Kilpatrick.'"

The old lord's head sank upon his breast, his eyes were dim with a sudden moisture.

"I loved her, Peebles; I loved her!"

"And yet ye played that de'il's trick on her, with the aid of yon scoundrel, Blake."

"How could I marry one so much my inferior?" asked Kilpatrick, defensively. "And yet, there are moments when I think that if—if she had not—if she had had a little more patience, I might have done it. There, there!" he continued, with his usual testiness, "let it sleep. Don't talk about it. As for Desmond, I have brought him up almost like my own son and heir. He has wanted nothing—he shall never want. I shall provide for him in my will."

"Grandly, nae doot," said Peebles, with the abrupt snort which was his laugh, "with Mr. Conseltine at your lug, pleading for that smug-faced imp, his son."

"Desmond sha'n't be forgotten," said Kilpatrick. "Nothing on earth shall make me forget Desmond."

"There's just a chance," said Peebles, after an interval of silence, scraping at his chin, "there's just a chance that never seems to have occurred t'ye, that Desmond, when he knows you're his father, may refuse to tak' a shilling o' your money. I know the lad, for isn't he like the child o' my ain auld age? Haven't I watched over him and seen him grow—haven't I had daily to lie to him and tell him that he has neither father nor mother, but only a kind friend who knew them both—and haven't I heard his voice break when he has asked of his dead mother? It's a chance ye ha'e to tak'," he continued in answer to Kilpatrick's stricken look. "Do your duty—acknowledge your son before the world! If anything can get ye a free pass through the gates o' heaven, it will be a deed like that."

"But what to tell him?"

"Cover the sorrow up. Let the dead sleep. Make answer to the living."

"Gad!" said Kilpatrick, "I've a mind to do it, if only to spite my brother Dick. Peebles, do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I don't know Dick Conseltine? He's looking forward to my funeral. He wants the estate for young spindleshanks, my nephew. Suppose I showed him a trick worth two of that, eh? Ha-ha!"



His lordship's rather spiteful chuckle was cut short by a rap at the door. Peebles opened it and Mr. Conseltine appeared.

"My dear Henry," he said, advancing solicitously, "I trust you are better?"

"Yes, yes," said Kilpatrick, with a disturbed air; "but—"

"In that case," said Conseltine, smoothly interrupting him, "may I talk to you privately for a few minutes?"

"If you desire," said his brother. "Don't go, Peebles. Never mind Peebles, Dick. He's my conscience, my—my 'alter ego.' Eh, Peebles?"

"As it is a family matter," said Conseltine, "I would prefer—"

"Peebles is one of the family," said his lordship. "I've no secrets from him."

"Very good," said Conseltine, suffering no shade of annoyance to cloud his smooth face. "Mr. Peebles doubtless agrees with me that ye exaggerate the gravity of your condition, and that, unless you specially desire it, the drawing up of a new will can be postponed. In the will already placed in my possession, you, as is natural, devise the bulk of your estate to your next of kin. Do I understand that you desire to alter or modify that arrangement?"

His lordship, nervously interlacing his fingers, glanced at Peebles.

"Tell your brother the truth, my lord. Tell him ye wish to leave the estate to your ain begotten son."

"My brother has no son, Mr. Peebles," said Conseltine.

"Aye, has he?" said Peebles; "Desmond Macartney."

"The fruit of a foolish liaison with a peasant. My dear Henry—"

"Peebles is right, Dick," said Kilpatrick. "Desmond should be my heir."

"My dear Henry!" said Conseltine, "ye must surely be mad. Proclaim your folly to the world? Acknowledge a waif and stray as your flesh and blood? It is impossible. Midsummer madness. And whatever ye do with any portion of your personal possessions, ye can't pass your patrimonial title to one born out of wedlock."

Kilpatrick looked from his brother to Peebles, and back again, interlacing his fingers and dragging them apart.

"I faith," he said, "that's true, that's true, Peebles. The title must go to my next of kin. It must go. There's no help for it, and the title, with nothing to support it; eh? You must see that, Peebles. Gad! I'm sorry; I'm devilish sorry." He rose. "Never mind, Peebles; Desmond sha'n't be forgotten. Trust me, he sha'n't."

Conseltine offered him his arm, and he took it with a glance at his servant.

"Aye, my lord," said Peebles, with an immovable face, "lean on your brother. It's good to have loving kith and kin."

Voices and laughter were heard from the landing without, and a moment later Dulcie, with Desmond at her heels, entered the room.

III.

MR. PEEBLES RECEIVES A MESSAGE.

His lordship welcomed the irruption of the two young people as a relief from the further discussion of a painful topic. His indolent and pleasure-loving nature prompted him to the casting off as quickly as might be of all disquieting thoughts.

"So, young madam," he said to Dulcie, pinching her ear, "you've come back! And where have you been all the afternoon?"

"On the sands," said Dulcie. "You're not angry with me, are you?" she asked, kissing him in a coaxing fashion, for the tone in which he had spoken was a little sharp. "I was so sorry to hear that you had been upset."

"It wouldn't have happened if you had been at the table," said Kilpatrick. "I suppose I have to thank you, sir," he continued to Desmond, "for her absence! You're pretty spectacles, the pair of you," he went on, looking at the disordered dresses, flushed faces, and untidy hair of the young couple. "You've been up to some mischief, I suppose?"

"Not this time," said Desmond.

"Hold your tongue, boy!" snapped his lordship, with sudden and inexplicable ill-temper. "Don't bandy words with me—hold your tongue!"

"Yes, sir," said Desmond.

Can't you find something better to do than to go wandering about the place, mixing with all the loafers and blackguards in the county? Can't you speak? You can chatter fast enough when you're not asked to."

"Ye told me to hold my tongue, sir," said Desmond, falling back on Irish prevarication and broadening his brow.

"I shall have to take some order with you, sir," said Kilpatrick. "Come to my study to-morrow after breakfast. It's time you were doing something—time you began to think of your future. There, there," he continued,

patting Desmond's shoulder, "I'm not angry with you, my boy. I've been upset, and in my state of health the least thing excites me. Ask Peebles!"

"Aye," said the Scot, "that's true—you've a troublesome temper."

"Never mind," said Dulcie; "we'll coddle you up and comfort you. I'll play a game of backgammon with you, and if that doesn't cure you I'll send over to Galway for mamma."

"For your mother!" cried Kilpatrick. "My sister, Tabitha!"

"She's a capital nurse," said Dulcie. "She'll see you right in a jiffy—as Desmond would say."

The bit of slang passed unnoticed by his lordship in his terror at the suggestion it conveyed.

"Good heavens, child! Tabitha will be praying over me day and night. I'm not quite so bad as that—I won't be prayed over; but for this little cardiac weakness I'm in excellent condition. Ask Peebles! There, there; go and get your dinner, and take Desmond with you."

"I shall come back afterward," said Dulcie.

"Yes, yes!" said her uncle. "Come back by and by and give me my game of backgammon."

"I met Mr. Blake on the road, sir," said Desmond. "He asked me to deliver a message to your lordship."

"Well?" snapped Kilpatrick. "What has the drunken brute to say to me?"

"Just to apologize for what he did and said this afternoon."

"His repentance is mighty sudden," said Kilpatrick.

"He didn't repent at all till Desmond talked to him," said Dulcie, glad to get in a word in favor of her sweetheart.

"So you've been giving Blake a lesson in manners, eh?" said the old man. "And what did you say to him, and how did he take it?"

Desmond recounted the interview.

"He took it like mother's milk, sir. Sure, he knew he was in the wrong. He's not a bad fellow if you know how to take him."

Peebles coughed behind his hand a dubious note, and Kilpatrick, catching the old man's eye, said with something of his former testiness:

"Well, well, that will do; go and eat your dinner. Peebles, wait on Lady Dulcie."

The two young people and the old servitor left the room together, and Kilpatrick, sinking back into the seat he had quitted, sat for some time plunged in silent thought. Conseltine, leaning against the high, old-fashioned mantelpiece, took advantage of the shadow with which the room was filled, and of his brother's abstraction, to watch him narrowly. The old lord sighed once or twice, and gave one or two movements of impatience, and once the sound of a broken murmur reached Conseltine's ear, in which he distinguished only the word "Moya."

"Dick," said Kilpatrick, suddenly turning toward him, "I must provide for Desmond—I simply must do it. I should be a cad if I didn't."

The intently watchful look which Conseltine's face had worn was replaced by his general expression of suavity as he came forward into the ray of light yet coming through the great oriel window.

"My dear Henry," he said, smoothly, "you are perfectly right. 'Tis the dictate of nature and justice—it does ye credit."

Kilpatrick, who was anything but a fool, looked at his brother with a curious, quick, questioning glance. Conseltine replied to it as if to a speech.

"I know, my dear Henry, I know! Ye've been thinking me grasping and avaricious and heartless all this time, now haven't you? And why? Just because I've felt it my duty, as your brother and Richard's father, to safeguard the interests of the family. The title goes to Richard anyhow; and 'tis but common sense, as ye said just now yourself, that the bulk of the property should go with it. 'Tis mighty little I can leave him, and a lord without soil to his foot or a guinea in his pocket would be a queer spectacle, wouldn't he? 'Tis not Lord Kilpatrick, anyhow, that shall be seen in that predicament; but ye can provide for Desmond, too. Ye can give him all he has a right to expect, and still leave enough for Richard."

The argument was unanswerable. The manner and voice with which it was put were suave, persuasive, honest; but Kilpatrick's only answer was to shoot another quick, questioning glance at his brother's face, and to tap the carpet with his foot.

"What would you call a proper provision?" he asked, after an interval of silence.

"Give the boy a profession, and—well, say five hundred pounds a year. He's bright and clever, and with that income and a calling in his fingers, if he can't make his way in the world, 'tis a pity."

"A profession!" said Kilpatrick, musingly. "I don't know what the boy's fit for, unless it's a soldier or a sailor."

"Bad pay and poor prospects," said Conseltine. "Why not the church?"

His lordship went off into a sudden cackle of laughter.

"The church! Fancy Desmond a priest! Faith, 'twould be a pretty parish that he had charge of."

"The Bar?" suggested his brother.

"No; Desmond hates lawyers, almost as much as Blake himself. It's in the blood, I suppose—I'm none too fond of them myself. I'll think it over, Dick; I'll think it over. Don't bother me about it any more at present. Nothing shall be done without your knowledge and—without your knowledge, at all events."

"You are tired?" asked Conseltine.

"Yes; tired to death."

"Well, I'll leave ye to yourself. Good-night; sleep well, and ye'll be as sound as a trout in the morning. I'll send up Peebles to help ye to undress."

He went; and Kilpatrick, rising from his seat, began to pace the room from end to end among the gathering shadows.

"What the devil makes Dick Conseltine so tender all of a sudden?" he asked himself—"with his dictates of nature and justice. He hates the boy like poison; that I'm sure of. I can see it in his eye, for so smooth as he is, every time he looks at him; and so does that bull-headed young fool, his son. It's natural, I suppose. Faith, then, one sees the hatred that money breeds—brother hating brother, father hating son, sons, fathers; the meanness, lying, ingratitude, intriguing. I'd rather be the poorest peasant on my estate. I'd rather be Desmond, poor boy; he knows his friends, at least, the poor squireen! Nobody cajoles and flatters him."

He fell silent again, and paced the room with a slower step.

"Poor Moya! Gad! how it all comes back to me! If she had been only a little more of a lady—just a shade more possible as my wife! She was a lady in heart and feeling—the truest I ever met, I think. I threw away a jewel when I cast her off—seventeen years ago."

"Seventeen years ago this month, and it is all as clear and vivid as if it had happened yesterday. Poor girl! I can see her face now as it was when I broke the secret to her. It will haunt me till I die, and after, if all tales are true. I was a scoundrel! It was a vile business. There are moments when I think Peebles is right—that it is my plain duty to let family considerations slide, own the boy, leave him all. It wrings my heart to see him, handsome, manly, courageous, loved by everybody—my son! my own son!—and then look at that long-shanked cub of Dick's, and think that he—Desmond is worth a million of him; worth a planet-ful of the stupid, ugly cur. How like his mother he is! Sometimes he frightens me—it is as if the dead came out of the grave to accuse me."

He paused in his walk and looked round the darkened chamber as if he feared an actual hidden presence there—then he walked to his desk, struck a match and applied it to the wick of a small, shaded reading-lamp; then, stealthily, and with more than one glance over his shoulder, unlocked the desk, touched a spring, and drew from a secret drawer a scrap of paper and a miniature portrait. It was to the paper he gave his first attention. The writing, originally bold and heavy, had faded to a faint, rusty red, the paper was stained and spotted. "Take your child," he read, falteringly; "and as you use him, may God use you." He sat staring at the flame of the lamp, blurred by the mist of gathering tears.

"As you use him, may God use you," he repeated, half aloud. "I'll do my duty by the boy—I must. Before heaven, if Moya were alive!—No, even that wouldn't mend matters—it wouldn't even mend her broken heart. It was not that she wasn't my lady—not that her vanity was wounded—it was the treachery! She loved me—she thought me an honest man. It was her pride in me that was broken. God forgive me! I acted like a villain."

He took up the portrait and bent his eyes upon it with a long, regretful gaze. It was the work of a true artist, who had caught and reproduced with actual fidelity the features and expression of the proud and tender girl Kilpatrick had betrayed. The bright, gay face, instinct with youth and happiness, beamed from the picture, the sensitive lips seemed almost to tremble as the world-worn old man gazed at them. The dress was that of the better class of an Irish peasant of twenty years ago; but the hand which held the shawl about the throat was heavily jeweled.

"She sent back the rings—every scrap and every rag I'd ever given her," said Kilpatrick. They lay in the secret drawer, and rattled as his blanched fingers drew them forth. "She wouldn't wear the dress I'd given her when she had this taken. 'Let me be as I was when you first knew me—when the great lord wasn't ashamed to tell the poor girl he loved her.'"

With a sudden passionate gesture of love and remorse, he carried the picture to his lips.

"My lord!" said a voice so startlingly close that it seemed to be at his very ear. Kilpatrick turned with a start and beheld a dim form standing in the shadow of the door.

"Confound you!" he said. "Who is it?"

"Just myself," said Peebles, with his usual slow Scotch drawl.

"Confound you!" said his lordship again; "why didn't you knock?"

"I knocked twice," said Peebles, "and got nae answer. Mr. Conseltine told me ye needed me."

Kilpatrick dropped the letter and the miniature back into the desk and closed and locked it before speaking again.

"Is Mr. Feagus still below?"

"Aye," said Peebles. "He's drinking with Mr. Conseltine and Mr. Richard. He's just as drunk as a lord—begging your lordship's pardon. It's an auld proverb, and, like the most o' proverbs, it has its exceptions."

"Drunk, eh?" said his lordship, musingly.

"Verra drunk," said Peebles. "'Tain't often he gets such liquor as comes out o' your cellar, my lord."

"I suppose not," said Kilpatrick, absently; "I suppose not. Well, you can help me to undress, Peebles, and then you can tell Mr. Feagus—you can tell him—tell him I'll write him regarding the business I have in hand."

Peebles, his face hidden in the darkness which surrounded the little circle of light cast by the reading-lamp, smiled sourly.

"Vera weel, my lord," he said; and Kilpatrick, rising, accepted his arm as a support to his bedroom.

Half an hour later Peebles descended to the dining-room, where he found Mr. Feagus with his head on the table, and one arm curled lovingly round an empty bottle. It took some trouble to rouse him, and even when awakened he was for a time oblivious of his surroundings. At last, dimly defining the figure of Peebles, he took him for Blake, and rising with a sort of paralytic alertness, bade the old man stand upon his defense. Peebles, from a safe distance, proclaimed his identity; thereupon, Mr. Feagus, relenting his pugnacious ardor, wept copiously, and would have embraced him.

"Gang hame—gang hame, now!" said Peebles, repulsing him—whereupon Mr. Feagus's tears ran faster. "My lord will send for ye if he should ha' need o' ye."

"Ye'll come and have a dhrink with me, just for the sake of ould times, Mr. Peebles," said Feagus.

"Ye've had drink enough," said Peebles; "gang hame!" and bundled him through the French window opening on the lawn. Finding himself in the open air, Feagus made straight by instinct for Widow Daly's shebeen. Peebles stood at the window, watching him tacking and reeling along the path until he had passed out of sight. He was about to return and close the window when he heard a voice hailing him.

"Misther Paybles! Misther Paybles!"

Peering into the darkness he made out a dim form approaching him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"'Tis me, sure—Larry."

Peebles recognized the lad, a henchman of Desmond's, a village loafer generally to be found in the company either of the squireen or of Lady Dulcie's maid, Rosie.

"Weel, Larry! What hae ye there?"

"'Tis a letter!" panted Larry.

"For my lord?"

"No; 'tis for yerself."

"And where did ye get it?"

"I met a poor woman at the foot o' the hill, and she asked me if I knew one Misther Paybles. 'Sure I do,' sez I. 'Then,' sez she, 'will ye earn the blessin' of a poor craychur by givin' this into his ain hand?' 'I will,' sez I—and here I am."

Peebles accepted the scrap of paper Larry held out to him, and walking to the chimney-piece, read it by the light of the lamp—"One who comes from Kennmare, and who knew Moya Macartney"—he started, but remembering Larry's presence, controlled himself and read on—"would like to speak with him who was the best of friends to that poor colleen before she died. Will you meet the writer at ten to-morrow, in the churchyard by the lakeside, and hear her message, for poor Moya's sake?"

Peebles stood silent for a moment, the paper shaking in his fingers.

"Who gave ye this, did ye say?" he asked.

"A stranger," said Larry. "She said there was no answer."

"Verra weel," said Peebles, in a tone as near commonplace as he could make it. "I'll attend to it." Larry saluted and vanished.

"What's the meaning o' this? What mystery's here? A droll kind o' message, and a droll hour o' the night for a respectable man to be gadding about a kirkyard. Weel, weel! Maybe it's one of Moya's kinsmen, anxious to hear news about the bairn. Weel, be she friend or foe, angel or de'il, I'll be there."

(To be continued.)

American Patriotic Societies.

No one thing has more thoroughly demonstrated the existence of a strong patriotic feeling in the hearts of our countrymen than the success of the various patriotic societies that have come into existence in recent years. These organizations are for the most part the outcome of the sentiment that in 1875 manifested itself by the centennial celebrations of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and culminated in this city with the three days' celebration of the "Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of George Washington."

Of these societies the two that have for their object the preservation of the memory and patriotic achievements of the sires of 1876, namely, the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution, are largest and best known. The former came into public existence on February 23d, 1876, in this city, while the latter was organized some years afterward, but in consequence of the amalgamation, as a State chapter, of the Sons of Revolutionary Sires that held its first meeting on October 23d, 1875, in San Francisco, California, it now traces its existence to that time, thereby claiming priority of organization. Originally these bodies were local societies, but with the increase in membership grew a desire for State organizations, and chapters were therefore created throughout the Union, until at present the Sons of the Revolution have chapters in twenty-three States, with a membership of more than four thousand two hundred and fifty persons, and the Sons of the American Revolution have chapters in twenty-eight States, with a membership of nearly five thousand.

Inspired by a belief that the memory of those who took part in the earlier history of the American colonies deserved recognition, the Society of Colonial Wars was organized in New York City in 1892. This organization has likewise been successful, and now has a membership of about one thousand persons, divided among twelve State chapters. An organization having for its object the preservation of the memory of the participants in the second war of independence, and known as the Society of the War of 1812, has been recently revived and reorganized, with chapters in four States, and a membership of nearly five hundred persons. Besides the foregoing, military societies in which membership is restricted to descendants of officers who took part in the war of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War, are in active existence, and are known respectively as the Society of the Cincinnati, founded in 1783; Society of the War of 1812, instituted in 1826; and the Aztec Club, founded in 1847. Membership in these various societies being limited to male descendants, the patriotic women of the United States soon organized societies having similar objects in view. These include the National Society of Colonial Dames of America, the Colonial Dames of America, the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Daughters of the American Revolution—all organized in 1890.

All of these societies have earnestly devoted themselves to patriotic work. A great quantity of historical and genealogical information has been collected, some of which has been published, and many of the chapters have libraries of patriotic literature. An interest has been stimulated in the history of this country by the celebrations of important events. Many of the local societies hold their annual meetings on conspicuous dates;—thus the Society of Colonial Wars in New York holds its general court on December 19th, in commemoration of the victory over the Narragansett Indians in 1675; the Sons of the Revolution in New York hold an annual banquet on Evacuation Day, November 26th; and the Society of the War of 1812 in New York meets on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, January 8th. The annual popular observance of June 14th as Flag Day, the anniversary of the adoption of the "stars and stripes" as the national standard, was originated by the Sons of the American Revolution. The State societies of the Sons of the Revolution have throughout the country offered to scholars in the various high schools gold (in some cases), silver, and bronze medals for essays on specific historical subjects, "to contain not less than 1,775, nor more than 1,895 words." Similar efforts to stimulate patriotic knowledge have led the Sons of the Revolution to offer a gold medal at the College of the City of New York for an original essay on "The Causes Which Led to the War of the Revolution." The Sons of the Revolution in Boston and in Washington City and the Sons of the American Revolution in New York City have arranged to supply the school-rooms of the cities mentioned with framed portraits of George Washington. In Massachusetts the Sons of the American Revolution have undertaken to place an appropriate "marker" of bronze on the grave of every Revolutionary ancestor in

the State. The anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19th, 1894, was observed in Paris with suitable ceremonies, including the marking of the grave of Lafayette with such an emblem, sent by the Massachusetts society. In New York, Boston, Baltimore and elsewhere historical sites have been marked by the erection of large bronze tablets. Besides the marking of sites, various buildings associated with the history of our country have passed into the custody of these societies. The old Block House in Pittsburg, that dates back to 1764, has become the property of the Daughters of the Revolution, and the headquarters of Jonathan Trumbull ("Brother Jonathan"), in Connecticut, has been made a permanent historical monument through the efforts of the Sons of the American Revolution. More conspicuous is the Nathan Hale statue in New York City, which has been erected by the Sons of the Revolution, while the Sons of the American Revolution have marked the spot in Dobbs Ferry where the French allies under Rochambeau joined the American army; also to the latter society much credit is due for the statue erected to John Stark in New Hampshire. There is not space to mention the many memorials now under way, although a word must be spared for the memorial to be erected by the Society of the Colonial Wars in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the victory of colonial forces at Louisburg.

This very imperfect account of what has been done by our patriotic societies represents only the results achieved since 1890. Is there not much in this recital to assure us that a love of America and her heroes is still prevalent? Patriotism is not dead. It is a strong, living force which under the fostering influences of these worthy societies is sending a thrill of pride throughout this broad land, making us, the descendants of the early settlers of this country, proud of our ancestors, and proud of the glorious deeds that gave independence and liberty to these United States.

MARCUS BENJAMIN.

The Confederate Reunion at Houston.

THE recent encampment of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Houston, Texas, was an event of notable interest. More than twenty thousand old soldiers, who had battled for the cause they had been persuaded was right, gathered in the vast auditorium in that beautiful Texas town, and held daily sessions for nearly a week. The characterizing feature of each daily session was the marked disposition on the part of every veteran to put aside all sectionalism and relegate to oblivion the political "snollygoster" who waves the bloody shirt, and it was this that made the encampment peculiarly noteworthy. The fact was made clearer than ever before at this last Confederate reunion that the day of the sectionalist is over, and "the star of his fate has declined"; that the real soldiers of the war, who aimed the gun and pulled the trigger, who braved death in the white battle-heat—the real hero of the stormy days of the unforgotten 'sixties, whether he fought under the flag of the Union or in the trail of the stars and bars, has no patience with that man whose simple glance would sour the milk of human kindness, and who persists in indulging the practices of instilling bitterness and hate into the hearts of the rising generation of Americans.

Such reunions of old soldiers as that held in Houston will never—can never—do harm. Those warriors in gray can be trusted with the heritage of American patriotism. They met as all good soldiers ought to meet, for the purpose of rekindling the fires of patriotism and love of country, and not to put those fires out. They met in the enjoyment of the rightful privilege of shaking hands across the chasm of thirty years gone by, wherein flow tides of stirring memories; to tell over the old yarns of camp life in the clover dales of the Rappahanock or upon the rising hills and sunny slopes that encircle the "storm-cradled nation that fell," and to exchange the soldiers' greeting while they yet live to felicitate upon the traditions of the past.

Senator John B. Gordon, of Georgia, is commander of the United Confederate Veterans Association. He called the body to order at the Winnie Davis Auditorium, in Houston, and made a speech which was fairly aglow with broad-minded conciliation and ardent American patriotism, and his sentiments were echoed in a blast of tumultuous applause. Governor Charles Culberson, the handsome and brilliant young executive of the Lone Star State, addressed the veterans, and in bidding them welcome to his vast and beautiful empire of the Southwest, spoke much in the same spirit as did General Gordon.

The encampment was the most largely attended, the most conservative, the most interesting, and the most significant ever held by

the men who laid down their arms that eventful day at Appomattox and returned to their long-deserted homes with greater bravery in peace than in war, to rebuild all that had been laid waste by the ravages of civil strife. A delightful programme of amusement and social enjoyment was in store, and, although the crowds were somewhat in excess of hotel accommodations, the army in gray was royally entertained. At the same time that the Confederate encampment was in progress the State volunteer soldiery of Texas were also encamped at Houston, crowding Camp Culberson with several thousand young citizen-soldiers. In their daily parade the volunteers were joined by the United States regulars, making a striking picture as they all filled the streets, mingling the blue and the gray in picturesque harmony throughout the crowded and gayly decorated city.

Each of the volunteer companies in camp was attended by a fair sponsor, and each of the Southern States was represented by selected types of Southern beauty, in similar capacity, at the veterans' encampment. This brought together a great galaxy of fair young women at the social receptions attendant upon the gay season in Houston, and their part was no minor one in the general programme of delightful merriment. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Texas were each represented in the tableau of Southern beauties which was presented at the Winnie Davis Auditorium on the last evening of the encampment. The tableaux of the evening concluded with a striking and picturesque presentation of the "Indestructible Union," in which every State of this reunited republic was represented by a beautiful young woman carrying a banner and the colors of her respective State.

The encampment and the gay season at Houston will not soon be forgotten by those who were participants in it.

REMSEN CRAWFORD.

A Prayer.

LORD GOD, thou ledest the green things start
A new life every year;
Out of their sunken selves they rise,
Erect and sweet and clear.
Behold the lily's pure, white leaves
Unfolding by each mere!

Again the sap mounts in the fir
Thro' every swelling vein;
Again the clover stirs and thrills,
Responsive to the rain;
Again the tender grass makes green
The lone breast of the plain.

Hear the new, golden flood of song
The lark pours to the blue!
Behold the strong, undaunted shoot
Pushing its brave front through
The fallen tree! . . . Lord God, Lord God,
Let me begin anew!

Out of my own self let me rise!
For, God, if it can be
A new and noble growth may spring
From yon decaying tree—
Surely a strong, pure life may mount
Out of this life of me. ELLA HIGGINSON.

The Cuban Insurrection.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, May 30th.—Viewed from Madrid, the Cuban insurrection is a trifling matter, although twenty thousand troops have been sent to quell the uprising, and more are preparing to go. From Santiago, the base of operations against the rebels, the insurrection, viewed at short range, is most serious. The entire eastern district is under arms. The insurgent forces hold everything except the fortified towns. The government, instead of conducting an aggressive campaign, as mapped out by General Martinez Campos, is practically acting on the defensive. The insurgent forces, which numbered about three thousand when General Campos arrived in the middle of April, have increased to eight thousand men. Many of the rebel chieftains of the war of 1868-78 are now in the field, and operations are conducted with intelligence and system.

The insurgents are now fairly well armed, and have only their own prowess to thank, for the guns and ammunition are Remington and Mauser make, and have been captured from the Spanish regulars during the past two months. No arms worth mentioning have been landed by the noisy agitators of the United States. The insurgents follow the guerrilla mode of warfare. They await in ambush for Spanish troops, or make midnight attacks upon towns held by the Spanish. When attacked from ambush the untrained Spanish soldiers blaze away, each man for himself, until his ammunition is exhausted, even if no enemy is in sight. The Mambis, as the insurgents are called, wait in the chaparral until the troops stop firing, and then charge on horseback and cut down the hapless Spaniards with their

native arm, the machete. Before one of these attacks the troops flee like a disorganized mob, for no soldier with fixed bayonet can stop the native Cuban with a machete.

To fully understand the ineffectiveness of the Spanish troops one must see the army in the field. The uniform is brown linen, the hat of straw, the shoes coarse brogans which are promptly discarded and hemp-soled sandals worn. The blanket is a cheap jute affair. The rifle, bayonet, and cartridge-belt complete the outfit. No knapsack is provided. When marching, the few belongings of the soldier are rolled up in the blanket, which is then tied at both ends and worn over one shoulder. Discipline is so lax that the men sell their blankets to buy food. The market price for army blankets at Santiago is forty cents.

The Spanish cavalryman is merely an infantryman mounted. There is no commissary department in the field. When at barracks in fortified towns the men are fed a wholesome stew made of beef and vegetables. When marching into the interior, detachments of several hundred men will go without food for two or three days. Their condition when they return is pitiable, and fully ten per cent. of all the troops that have arrived from Spain are in hospital with malarial or other fevers. Yellow fever has as yet made no serious ravages, although there are sixteen cases at the military hospital here, and ten at Havana. The hospital corps of the army has a very crude equipment. There is no tent and no ambulance. The supply of bandages, lint, splints, and antique surgical instruments is generally spread on the ground in the shade of a tree. There are no drills and very little discipline in the Spanish army.

With an army which is composed of raw recruits from the peasant class of Spain, officered by men who prefer life on the boulevards of Madrid to campaigning in Cuba, General Martinez Campos finds the problem of suppressing the revolution more difficult than he expected upon his arrival. He is a man of great ability and great energy himself, but his generals and their subordinates are not notable for either ability or energy.

While the insurrection has been confined to the province of Santiago, and the Cubans of all the rest of the island have remained quiet, there is yet no certainty that the trouble will not extend westward in spite of all the troops that are massed near the Puerto Principe frontier. General Campos, finding force of arms alone not sufficient to suppress the rebellion, has decided to put in practice the reforms passed by the Spanish Cortez last January, and also to extend railways, improve harbors, and to foster all enterprises which give employment to the native laborers. In this way he hopes to prevent liberal Cubans of the provinces of Puerto Principe and Santa Clara from resorting to arms.

J. FRANK CLARK.

Grand Master Stewart.



JOHN STEWART.

Photograph by Frank Pearsall.

number is still smaller of those who have been the complete embodiment of its principles.

Grand Master Stewart was made a Mason in Albion Lodge in 1874, and at once entered into the spirit and work of the lodge, filling various stations, and became its master in 1883, holding that office six years.

He is an accomplished ritualist, and has served as Assistant Grand Lecturer for three years; also as District Deputy Grand Master, as trustee and treasurer of the Hall and Asylum Board, where his sound business judgment proved of great value to the craft; as a member of the advisory board to examine and select plans for the Home for Indigent Masons, at Utica, and in other capacities, where he has displayed the highest efficiency and fidelity.

One year ago he was elected Deputy Grand Master, and his close attention to the duties of that office, his diligent watchfulness over the interests of the craft, his almost constant intercourse with the rank and file of the fraternity, and his daily exemplification of true Masonic manhood, have largely tended to unite and harmonize the various elements which form so important a body, have lessened the partisan friction which is almost inevitable when personal ambitions seek gratification, and have contributed to a condition of unprecedented prosperity in the order.



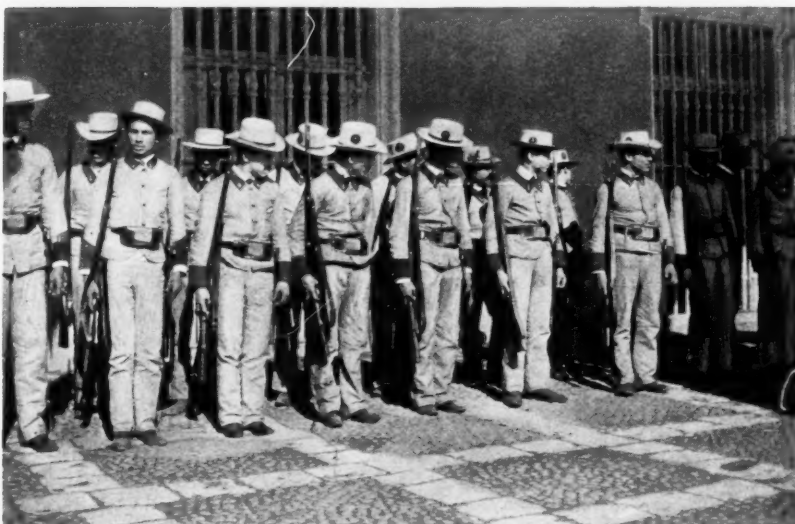
INSURGENT SCOUTS RIDING INTO SAN LUIS.



SPANISH CAVALRYMEN AT THE FRONT, SANTIAGO.



MOUNTED CIVIL GUARDS, HAVANA.



GUARD RELIEF IN FRONT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA.



FIELD HOSPITAL OUTFIT, SPANISH ARMY, AT SANTIAGO.



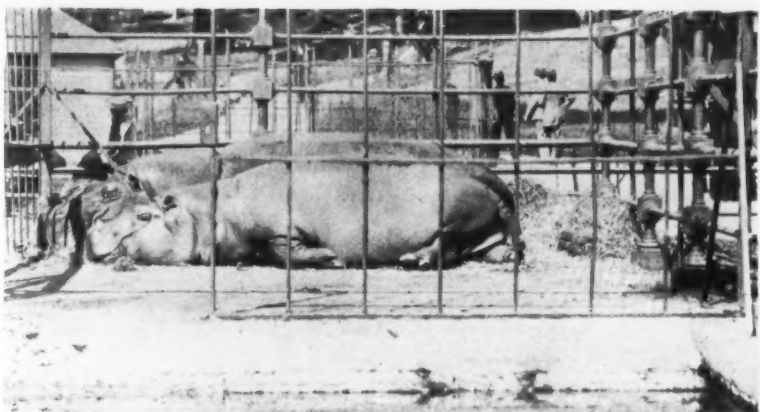
AMERICAN CONSULATE, SANTIAGO.



SPANISH TROOPS IN FATIGUE UNIFORM, SANTIAGO.



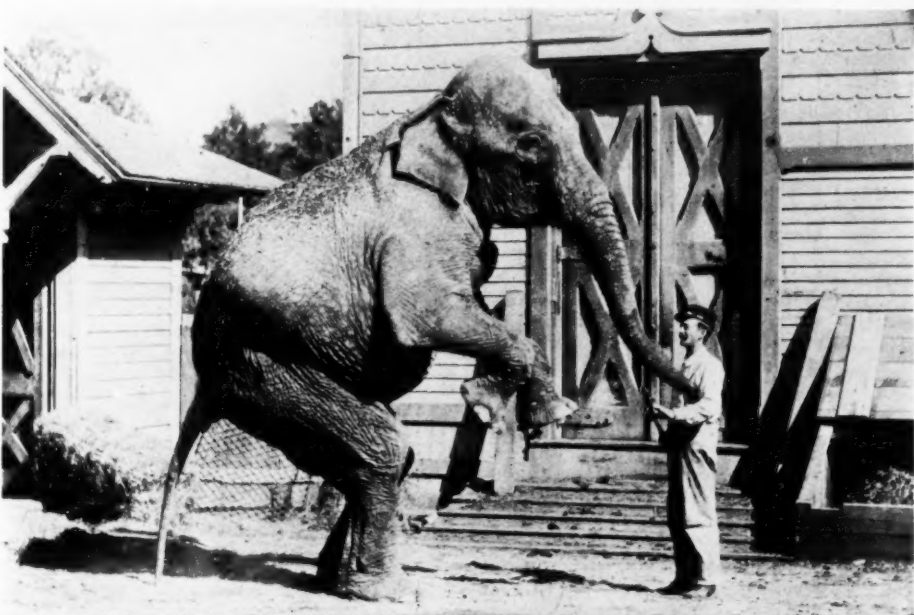
SPANISH TROOPS PARADING IN HAVANA.



THE HIPPOPOTAMI TAKE AN AFTERNOON NAP.



THE KEEPER AND HIS ELEPHANT DOG MASTERS OF THE SITUATION.



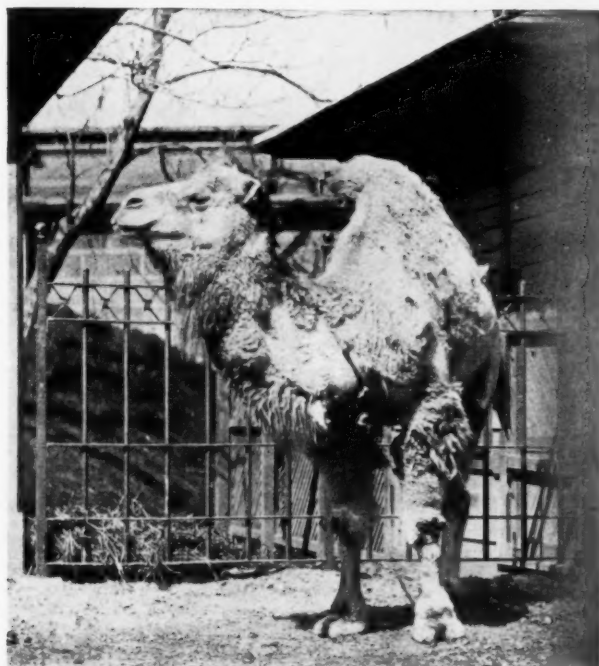
PERFORMING FOR THE BENEFIT OF VISITORS.



POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



THE POLAR BEAR BEGGING FOR PEANUTS.



A CAMEL FROM THE DESERT.



AT THE BARRIER OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS TANK.



OUT OF REACH.

THE CAMERA IN ANIMAL PORTRAITURE—SUCCESSFUL RESULTS ATTAINED BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE "ZOO" IN CENTRAL PARK.
[SEE PAGE 412.]

HEADING FOR EUROPE.

THE scene in the lower bay is a common one all the year round, but it has a special interest during the spring and summer season. One of the larger steamers of the American Line has just got free from her dock in the North River, and is heading for Europe. The last link with the American shore will be cut when the pilot goes off at Sandy Hook, and then an end to all communication for at least five days. During this time an Atlantic steamer forms a little republic in itself, with the captain as president, the navigating officers as members of the cabinet, and the purser in the double capacity of secretary of the treasury and secretary of state. The American liners make Southampton their English port, and with the faster vessels communication is resumed with America about the sixth day out, when the Bishop's Rock Lighthouse on the Scilly Islands is sighted, and the steamer is reported at Lloyd's.

It would be a little difficult to ascertain the exact number of Americans who go to Europe every summer. It is easy enough to learn the total number of passengers who cross eastward, but an enumeration of this kind would include Europeans who are returning from this country. It is rather curious that while the customs department at Washington keeps a record of the nationality of every person who sets foot on American soil, no similar particulars are collected at the English ports. No questions as to nationality are ever asked of new-comers in England, a circumstance which constitutes another difficulty in the way of correctly ascertaining the numerical extent of the exodus to Europe from this country every summer. One thing, however, is certain. The number increases every year. There are not so many steamship companies carrying passengers to England as there were ten years ago. Of recent seasons two or three of the older lines have dropped out of the running, but the loss of accommodation which attended the dropping out of these lines has been more than made up by the immensely larger vessels which have been put on the Atlantic passenger service by the surviving companies. While the season lasts none of these vessels goes out with a vacant berth or a vacant place at the dining-table.

To a cosmopolitan traveler who is crossing the Atlantic eastward during the season there are a number of features about the exodus to Europe which seem peculiarly American. One of these is the number of what in England would be called the middle-class families who are making the trip. In England the great majority of the middle classes, those who are engaged in the professions and in commerce, take much less expensive holidays, and seldom get beyond the seashore or the mountains in Scotland. Vacations involving the expense of a transatlantic trip are seemingly much more common with people of moderate means in America than with similar people in England. Another feature is the extraordinary large number of clergymen on board. To any one who is acquainted with the closeness with which the English clergy, whether of the Church of England or the non-conforming churches, are kept at work, and with the comparative narrowness of their incomes and the claims upon them, the wonder is how American clergymen afford these long excursions, and what becomes of their churches during their two or three months' absence. Some of the churches, it may be supposed, are closed altogether during part of the time; a fact which would come as another surprise, almost as a shock, to English people, who would as soon expect to hear of the tax-collector failing to call for his money as to hear of a church being closed for a single Sunday in the year, or a clergyman out of his parish for three months at a time.

The most interesting feature of all, however, is the number of young men who are on board. A little while ago the London *Spectator* published an appreciative article on the optimism of American character. The writer of it might have crossed the Atlantic during the season of the exodus to Europe, and have remarked the number of young Americans, young lawyers, teachers, and business men, who are venturing their little ready cash on an excursion to Europe. In this readiness to venture both time and money the young American differs very much from the young Englishman in the same position in life. The young Englishman enters on professional or business life with a tremendous feeling as to its seriousness and its responsibilities, and the idea of taking a three months' vacation, and spending five hundred to one thousand dollars on foreign travel, is about the last thing that would occur to him. A month's vacation, during which he will spend at most one hundred and fifty dollars, is the extreme limit of what he will allow himself. He will promise himself that he will be more indulgent

to himself when he has fairly established himself in life; but succeed as he may, he seldom does establish himself in life to his own satisfaction. Progressive desire animates him all through his professional or business career; and if the middle-class Englishman does ever freely indulge himself in foreign travel, it is usually after he has made a competency and retired from work; when he has reached an age at which travel has lost many of its pleasures, and when its educational advantages have ceased to be of any daily practical utility to him. The presence of these young men only just starting on their careers in life, and most of them with their places and their fortunes to make, is to an English traveler the most exhilarating feature of an eastward trip across the Atlantic, so far as one's fellow-travelers are concerned. And it does not need much pondering to come to the conclusion that these young men are right; for a thousand dollars spent on foreign travel between the ages of twenty-five and thirty brings back immensely better returns than ten times as much spent in the closing years of life. The trip may deplete a young man's pocket-book; it may entail some little economies for some time before going and after returning; but the expenditure of the money, if rightly applied, adds to a man's brain capital, and puts him in possession of knowledge and experience which is not obtainable at any university, and which will greatly help him in the future, no matter in what line of usefulness his work may lie.

Changes in fashion occur in ocean travel as in dress and other matters. The change which most marked the last two seasons has been the growing preference for Southampton and London as ports of arrival. Up to three years ago people who were making England their starting point for European travel thought of no other port than Liverpool or Glasgow. It would, in fact, have been impossible to reach other of the British ports in English steamers offering good passenger accommodation. Now, however, apart from the German liners, quite one-third of the travel to England is via Southampton and London. It was only an accident which in the early days of ocean travel gave Liverpool the command of the Atlantic passenger trade. It was due to the fact that the cotton which so largely formed the cargoes of the Atlantic steamers thirty years ago was needed exclusively in the north of England. Since then cargo from America has grown in variety as well as in bulk. Other ports are convenient for the great centres of England's population which need American products; and as a consequence of this growth and development, the American transatlantic passenger is no longer confined to the northern ports. Sailing either to Southampton or London gives him an almost unequalled view of English coast scenery, and renders the run from the Scilly Islands to the Solent, or the mouth of the Thames, the most charming part of the ocean trip.

EDWARD PORRITT.

[In two succeeding articles our correspondent, Mr. Porritt, will furnish graphic descriptions of characteristic features of London life. One of these articles will be especially interesting. Mr. Porritt was fortunate enough to discover the original Tommy Atkins, whom Rudyard Kipling has made famous, and he will describe Tommy's life and experiences from the time he takes the Queen's shilling until he becomes a member of the Horse Guard.]

The Central Park Zoo.

THE summer scenes at the Central Park menagerie, felicitously "snapped" by our photographer, and reproduced on page 411, are not only highly entertaining in themselves, but also go to show what splendid material New York City already has on hand toward the establishment of the projected zoological gardens on a scale to rival those of London, Paris, Berlin, and Hamburg. Even to-day it is the greatest free show of the kind in America. It draws full houses all through the winter, and full grounds in the summer time—for at this season of the year the animals are accommodated, so far as is practicable, with out-door tanks, dens, inclosures, and cages. The bears, for example, have a spacious cave in the natural rocks of the hillside, with a tree to climb and tanks of running water in which to disport themselves. The great white polar bear, whom this hot weather makes very tired, has been caught by the camera in the midst of a cavernous yawn; while his formidable paws are posed conspicuously in evidence. His only rival as a mouth-opener is the hippopotamus, who loves to sleep in the sun and dream of the Nile, while visitors wait by the hour for him to wake up and gape. The

double-humped Bactrian camel, with his cream-colored coat, sadly frayed, looks on with an expression of philosophical disdain. The raccoons are playful in their kittenish ways, but are no rivals to the sportive elephants, several of whom have "done time" in circuses, and are consequently up to tricks which cast the other uneducated animals completely in the shade, and cause the parrots to mutter profane language and turn green with envy.

The Question of Municipal Reform.

THE American people are awakening to the fact that while they have made extraordinary and unprecedented progress along industrial and commercial lines, they have most wofully failed of making a success of municipal government. Any comparison of the management of our own cities with those of Germany and Great Britain, for instance, reveals that we have much to learn in the science of successful and advanced municipal administration. If there was any doubt of this, the meeting of the National Municipal League at Cleveland dispelled it, for the papers dealing with the municipal conditions of eighteen cities, taken in conjunction with those presented at the Philadelphia and Minneapolis conferences for good city government, make a fair, concise, and accurate statement of local conditions in leading American cities; and the exhibit is not a pleasing one. Practically the same conditions prevail in all, with sufficient variations to destroy the monotony of the descriptions, but not sufficient to entitle any one city to the designation—"well governed." By some it may seem unpatriotic to make such an admission; but if we are ever to make our cities anything more than money-mills we must realize that we are very far from making them all it is possible to make them for the comfort and civilization of their inhabitants.

The Cleveland meeting was marked by a frankness and honesty in dealing with acknowledged abuses and shortcomings, that augurs well for the early correction of many, if not all of them. The reformers present seemed to understand the situation fully, realizing the force and extent of the opposition to their efforts; the need of organization, and the futility of thinking that any permanent good can be accomplished by merely resolving that evils exist, and ought to be remedied, without taking any steps to transmute their words into action. The conference wisely determined not to pass any resolutions; its sessions were devoted to a study of the situation and of methods, and an exchange of experiences. While in many instances the picture of municipal wrong-doing was a dark and foreboding one, in others there was to be seen the dawn of a brighter and better day.

One indication of this was to be seen in the address of the secretary, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, in which he set forth how the number of municipal-reform bodies had grown from fifty a year ago to over two hundred at the present time; how the women were taking a hand; how public-spirited citizens in increasing numbers were enlisting in the cause of municipal righteousness; how everywhere the question of city government and its reform had come to be discussed as never before. Another indication was to be found in the addresses of Mayor William M. Kennedy, of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, and George W. Ochs, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who in their own persons demonstrated how much can be accomplished by placing the right kind of men in office—men who are devoted to the best interests of the city, and not to advancing their own petty schemes, or the selfish jobs of those who claimed that they had secured their election. A still further indication was the large number of cities and organizations represented; another, the attendance of distinguished men, like James C. Carter, of New York, and Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore.

What may be called the doctrinal paper of the conference was read by Vice-President Richardson on "Municipal Government by National Parties," in which he summarized the thoughts expressed in varied form in all the papers, that if there is one fundamental cause, more potent than any other for the present imperfect conditions, it is the intrusion of national politics into the conduct of municipal affairs. Eliminate this, and the first and longest step forward will have been taken. Mr. Richardson, with incisive logic, demonstrated that the present plan of electing municipal officers on national platforms had been detrimental to both the party and the municipality. In fact, municipal reformers have come to regard the complete divorce of municipal affairs from State and national politics as a condition precedent to permanent reform.

Taking the three national conferences—the Philadelphia, Minneapolis, and Cleveland—we find every reason for inspiration and encour-

agement. If the question was not of urgent importance, three such meetings could not have been held within fifteen months. If the people were not concerned for the future welfare and development of our cities, we would not find every leading newspaper from coast to coast, from the lakes to the gulf, devoting largely of its space to the proceedings of those conferences. If the natural leaders of all forward movements were not aroused and profoundly impressed, we would not find them giving so much of their time and energy to advancing the cause. From whichever point of view we may regard the municipal-reform situation, it is full of promise.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia Boat-Race.

BARRING accident the Cornell crew should win the three-cornered boat-race which is scheduled to be rowed at Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson June 21st. Pennsylvania and Columbia will fight it out for the place, with chances in favor of the University of Pennsylvania men securing second honors.

In view of the absence of Charles Courtney, coach at Cornell, this statement would seem to be rather a rash one at first glance. When it is understood, however, that three of the eight men in the Cornell boat are the best oars in college, not barring a mother's son of those now in England preparing for the Henley regatta, it will be observed that some slight ground shows itself whereon this prediction may be based. Though the other five men to make the complement are not wonders in the racing line, they can be counted upon to row the race out strongly, gamely, and well.

It is only necessary to point to the fact that the Cornell-Henley crew could beat them out but a length or so over the distance, one mile and five hundred and fifty yards, for which they were specially training, to show their worth when it comes to a spurt, and their ability to run up the stroke and keep it for a really phenomenal distance, considering the crew is a long- and not a short-distance one.

Neither Columbia nor Pennsylvania will be able to come within several strokes of Cornell, Pennsylvania rowing the slowest of the three. Still, other things being equal, it does not necessarily follow that the crew rowing the slowest stroke will lose. Many a Yale crew has won rowing a stroke of thirty-four on the average to thirty-eight on the average for Harvard. But Yale crews never could run the stroke up and still row in form. Because Cornell crews have been taught to "run her up" and retain form makes the difference—a decided one in favor of the Ithaca men.

Of course it stands to reason that the more times the blade hits the water in a minute, and assuming that at each stroke the oarsman does his work just as neatly and scientifically as when rowing say twenty to the minute, why, the faster the boat will go.

The Pennsylvania crew are a heavy crew, and trained by a Yale oar, are practicing a slow stroke, at the same time getting, or trying to get, great power on each successive heave. Should they be able only to hold Cornell over three-quarters of the course they would seem as though tied to the wharf as the Ithaca lads ran their stroke up to forty-four or even forty-eight and whizzed by.

Columbia will put a lighter crew on the water, probably lighter than Cornell, which will average on race day in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Walter Peet, coach for Columbia, has not been setting a very high stroke for his men. Pennsylvania will row, say, thirty-four; Columbia will go them at least two better, while Cornell will start out at thirty-eight, keep it up, and, if need be, run into the forties.

Thus taking into consideration this difference in rate of stroke accomplished in form, and recalling the while that the Cornell men, one and all, are oarsmen tried and hardened to a grueling race, and it is not difficult after all to see in them winners of the race.

All three crews are now at Poughkeepsie practicing daily, almost hourly, Pennsylvania and Columbia, however, having gone there several weeks sooner than Cornell. The course seems admirably suited for the race, and the facilities for viewing it are unsurpassed—the Poughkeepsie Bridge which spans the Hudson affording an aerial grand-stand hard to surpass in point of situation and accommodation.

THE CORNELL-HENLEY CREW.

Apropos of the Cornell-Henley crew, information is at hand from a reliable source that the men are all doing finely—are taking kindly to the climate, like the water, on which they

practice twice daily (the water of the Thames right by Henley), and one and all feel a certain confidence that their visit cannot be wholly devoid of honors. Already the work of the American crew has begun to impress the Englishmen, and oarsmen who swarm the place about Henley, and contestants entered for the grand challenge-cup race, are beginning to feel a bit nervous, and work more than customary in consequence. The eight to represent the Leander Rowing Club are exhibiting, as an instance, unusual activity at this time, and it is no secret that they will get down to hard preparatory work earlier than ever before. This activity among the English rowing men is certainly a tribute, which must not be lost sight of, in sizing up Cornell's chances of rowing a winning race.

ENGLISH AMATEURS REFUSE TO MEET ALL-COLLEGE AMERICA.

On February 23d, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Intercollegiate Athletic Association adopted, by a fifteen to three vote, the following resolution:

"Resolved. That the executive committee be instructed to address the proper authorities of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge with a view to inviting a competition in track and field games in England during the coming summer between a team composed of the firsts and seconds of the intercollegiate championship games this spring in such events as may be agreed upon, and such a representative team of university athletes of Great Britain as may be selected by the said authorities of Oxford and Cambridge. The executive committee to have full authority to represent the I. C. A. A. A. in making all necessary arrangements for the contest."

The resolution was an inspiration of the delegates from the University of Pennsylvania, who at the time figured that with such giants of the athletic arena as Ramsdell, Orton, Knipe, Jarvis, graduate of Wesleyan; Osgood of Cornell, and the star of the Bank Clerks' Association to represent her, enough firsts and seconds would perch upon her banner not only to secure the championship cup of the association, but make up a delicious majority of the team to go to England.

But as the old saying goes, "there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," and so Pennsylvania's hopes were somewhat "dashed" at Berkeley Oval by dark horses and horses whose powers had been underrated, and completely so of recent date by the refusal of the English athletic committee representing Oxford and Cambridge to meet such a team. Ramsdell lost, and others counted upon to win somehow failed to score, which illustrates, by the way, the element of luck (which it is well to count upon) in all athletic contests. Ramsdell, as an instance, might not have been able to beat out Crum and Richards in the one-hundred and two hundred-and-twenty yards dashes, still he was not at his best to try for such honors. In the broad jump, too, Ramsdell was not up to form.

Still, had Pennsylvania won the cup by twenty points and more, the hope of going to England, as per the above resolution, could never have been realized. The reasons pro and con of this were discussed at the time, and it is only necessary to chronicle now the refusal of the Englishmen to meet all-college America on the field this year, and write *finis* to the history of the affair.

Though the committee of the Oxford and Cambridge athletic clubs refuse to meet an intercollegiate team, they challenged in the next breath Yale and Harvard to a meeting, to take place either before or after the meeting of the London and New York athletic teams in New York in September. Rather a slight, one might well say, upon the intercollegiate association; yet when one considers the fact that in England Yale and Harvard—the latter even more than Yale—are the two universities alone recognized, the snub attaching to the challenge becomes less pronounced.

But whatever may be the reasons, big and small, for the refusal to meet an American intercollegiate team, it cannot be gainsaid that Yale and Harvard would be placing themselves in a poor light by accepting. As members of the American Intercollegiate Association they should stand by its every resolution and uphold its importance.

When next English amateur athletes of the college world shall meet American college men the meet should be representative of the flower of all; not the few.

No American team would be complete without Stephen Chase, of Dartmouth, to compete in the hurdles; Crum, of Iowa University, in the sprints, nor indeed Knipe, of Pennsylvania, in the shot-putting contest.

Had the intercollegiate association not resolved to send a team to England, Yale might have been justified in accepting a return match, taking Harvard in to make up the quartette. As it stands, she has not. There's no knowing what will happen, though. College athletic management is a bit "unsartin," to say the least, and what is more, most of the Oxford-Cambridge men who would compete in such

a match are coming to America anyway, to represent the London Athletic Club. Perhaps for this latter reason the proprieties of the case will be thrown to the winds by Yale and Harvard in their eagerness (ever present) to win more glory and medals.

HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE.

In the issue of June 27th will appear a special story, profusely illustrated, of the crews now undergoing the "polishing-off" process in anticipation of the great annual struggle at New London between the rival universities, Yale and Harvard. With the advantages of special facilities for the gathering of material, it is hoped the subject may be covered both thoroughly and understandingly.

W. T. Ball.

The Harlem Ship Canal.

This year, following the death of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the greatest of isthmus-piercers, is notable for the consummation of at least three ship-canal enterprises of premier magnitude. The vessels of the Levant are now passing through Grecian Corinth; Germany's new sea water-way is about to be opened with international festivities at Kiel; while the northern tide-water boundary of Manhattan Island, developed into the superb Harlem Ship Canal, is now to be dedicated to commerce, on the 17th instant, with land and water pageants, civic festivities, and national representation, that will make the date memorable in the annals of Greater New York.

The Harlem River Ship Canal, thus opened, has been in actual construction during nearly a decade past, and the project is much older. It consists of a deepening and widening of the natural water-courses of the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, with their connecting thread known as Duycman Creek, into a continuous channel joining the East River (Long Island Sound) on the east with the Hudson River on the west. This canal is four hundred feet wide and fifteen feet deep, so that it will be available as a short-cut for all vessels of moderate draught, such as navigate the Sound. The distance traversed by the canal diagonally across the island is about five miles, so that it gives the city ten miles additional wharfage and water-front. It is crossed by a fine draw-bridge of steel, replacing the historic old King's Bridge. There are also two or three railroad bridges, all of which have had to be constructed at special elevations. A cut eighty-five feet deep through the marble rock is another feature complicating the engineering problems of this monumental work, which costs the city upward of twenty millions.

The Republican Campaign in Kentucky.



W. O. BRADLEY.

THE Republicans of Kentucky have nominated Colonel William O'Connell Bradley for Governor. This means the most aggressive and confident campaign which the Republicans of that hitherto

invincible Democratic State have ever undertaken. There is reason to believe that Colonel Bradley will be elected.

In 1894 the vote for members of Congress in Kentucky showed a majority for the Republicans. It is believed that this year the opposition of sound-money Democrats to the free-coinage craze will result in their support of Republican candidates. Should Kentucky break from its Democratic traditions in a year preceding the election of a President, the result will exert a beneficent influence in other States.

William O. Bradley, the nominee for Governor, lives at Lancaster, where he was born in March, 1847. He was from boyhood a "Union man," and enlisted in the Northern army when but fifteen, but his father compelled him to return to school. By a special act of the Legislature he was admitted to the Bar at the age of seventeen, and was the youngest lawyer in the history of his State. That was in 1865, and in 1870 he won his first political fight. He was chosen county attorney, and in 1872 was the Republican candidate for Congress. He has several times been the nominee for Congress in a hopeless district, but has kept up the party organization. He has been a delegate-at-large to national conventions since 1880, and in 1887 was the nominee for Governor. He has served two terms on the National Republican Committee,

and is now the member from Kentucky, occupying also a place on the executive committee. In law and politics Colonel Bradley is a hard worker, an orator of eminence at the Bar or on the stump, and always a warm, kind-hearted friend.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

Adirondack Resorts.

SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK, May 29th.—The Adirondack woods, a few years ago known alone to the hunter, trapper, and fisherman, are to-day recognized as the nation's pleasure-ground and sanitarium. Indeed, where a few years ago rough log-cabins and camps welcomed in their rude but hospitable way the comers from the cities of our country, to-day a score of magnificent and modern houses are open to the tourist—the health and pleasure-seeker. And where, too, in days gone by, the traveler must reach his destination by the old stage-coach route, we now behold splendid railway lines, fully and elegantly equipped, to carry the summer visitor from his home in New York to the wilds of the mountains.

Of course there are almost numberless houses in the woods where you can be nicely entertained, but the object of this article is to bring before the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY the principal houses of the wilderness, and the advantages, appliances, and beauties of each.

Each section of the Adirondacks is beautiful. Each section has its magnificent summer homes. Each has its delightful scenery, and, perhaps, each can offer to the wearied seeker of rest advantages above the other. The writer does not undertake to decide as between rival claimants.

Lake Placid, called "the eye of the Adirondacks," furnishes us the greatest cluster of houses. No tourist should ever leave the mountains without paying a visit to this charming region, for here is not only nature at its best, but art has contributed toward the making of this, now one of the foremost resorts of the region. Lake Placid is five miles long by one wide. It is a horseshoe in shape, with a graceful curve. Buck, Moose, and Hawk islands divide it longitudinally, contributing to its comely proportions and mirroring themselves in its crystal waters. Lifting its scarred and pointed summit five thousand feet skyward, Whiteface Mountain stands guard over the eastern end of Lake Placid in solitary grandeur. There is nothing to obscure the vista in any direction; eastward the bosom of Lake Champlain is beheld, and all about are giants of the Adirondack range. In this paradise we find several big hotels and some smaller ones, all inviting and all first-class. The Stevens House, the Grand View, the Ruisseauumont, the Lake Placid House, Whiteface Inn, and Undercliff.

At Saranac Lake, also, we find a cluster of splendid houses—the big and luxurious Hotel Ampersand, with accommodations for three hundred and fifty guests; the new and handsome Algonquin, the view from which is unsurpassed in the entire region; Edgewood Inn, the Berkeley, the Del Monte, and Riverside Inn, all modern houses and charmingly situated. Riverside Inn justly claims to be the only modern and first-class all-the-year-round hotel in the mountains.

Saranac Inn, the favorite resort of President Cleveland, and the most exclusively "swell" establishment in the region, is almost a new house this year, so many and vast have been the improvements. It is delightfully located, and makes an ideal summer home.

Across from Saranac Inn is the Hotel Waw-beek, a new house, well managed, very popular, and deservedly so. Situated upon an eminence one hundred feet above the broad expanse of the lake, its vistas are fresh and romantic, while its cuisine is tempting to the most fastidious.

Keene Valley, known as "the artists' paradise," contains many splendid houses, among which may be mentioned St. Hubert's Inn, Adirondack House, the Tahawas, and the Keene Valley House.

Seekers for relief from the extreme heat of the cities can find no more certain change in temperature than at the Cascade Lake House, situated on Cascade Lake, and managed by E. M. Weston. Good fishing and many opportunities for boating and hunting are also among the attractions.

A new resort, as yet quiet and unpretentious, but nevertheless growing steadily in public favor, is Lake Kashaqua, but a short distance

from Rainbow. This is as wild and rugged a spot as the most ardent lover of nature could wish for. On a bluff overlooking the limpid waters of the lake is Kashaqua Lodge, with accommodations for one hundred people.

A few miles north from Lake Kashaqua are the Chateaugay Lakes, not to mention which would be to do them an injustice and the Adirondacks as well, for they are among the largest and most beautiful bodies of water in the woods. Here we find the Chateaugay House, managed by Charles W. Backus, and "Ralph's," managed by J. W. Hutton.

West from Chateaugay Lake, across a rough and mountainous country, lies peaceful Lake Duane, a new resort, at which life is a daily joy, and just north is Lake Titus, the coming "cottage lake" of northern New York.

We have space only to mention in a passing way the principal houses of the woods, and we now hie away in our thoughts to the rapidly approaching summer time, when thousands will gather at the different resorts, and the wilderness become a vast park, the most extensive in the world, and withal the most beautiful.

WILLIAM FRANCIS MANNIX.

The New Attorney-General.

HON. JUDSON HARMON, the new Attorney-General of the United States, is a native of Ohio, where he was born in February, 1846. After receiving his education, graduating from the Cincinnati Law School in 1869, he entered upon the practice of the law, and soon achieved distinction. In 1876 he was elected judge of the Common Pleas Court. He served on the Bench for four months, when he was unseated in favor of Judge Cox by the Ohio Senate, before which



HON. JUDSON HARMON.
Photograph by Brenner.

a contest was made. He returned to his practice, but in 1878 he was elected judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, and in 1883 was re-elected. He resigned four years later to enter the law firm with which he is still connected. He is regarded by Bench and Bar of Hamilton County as an able, broad, and learned man, whose appointment is accepted by all as a compliment to the State and Bar, as well as being a fit recognition of the worth of one of the soundest lawyers of the State. Judge Harmon has not been conspicuous in political affairs, but is understood to be thoroughly in sympathy with the better element of his party. He is a friend of Senator Brice, and also of ex-Governor Campbell, and the fact that these gentlemen are prominent in opposing the silver delusion has created the impression that Judge Harmon will be expected to use his influence to strengthen that wing of the party in Ohio.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing. *

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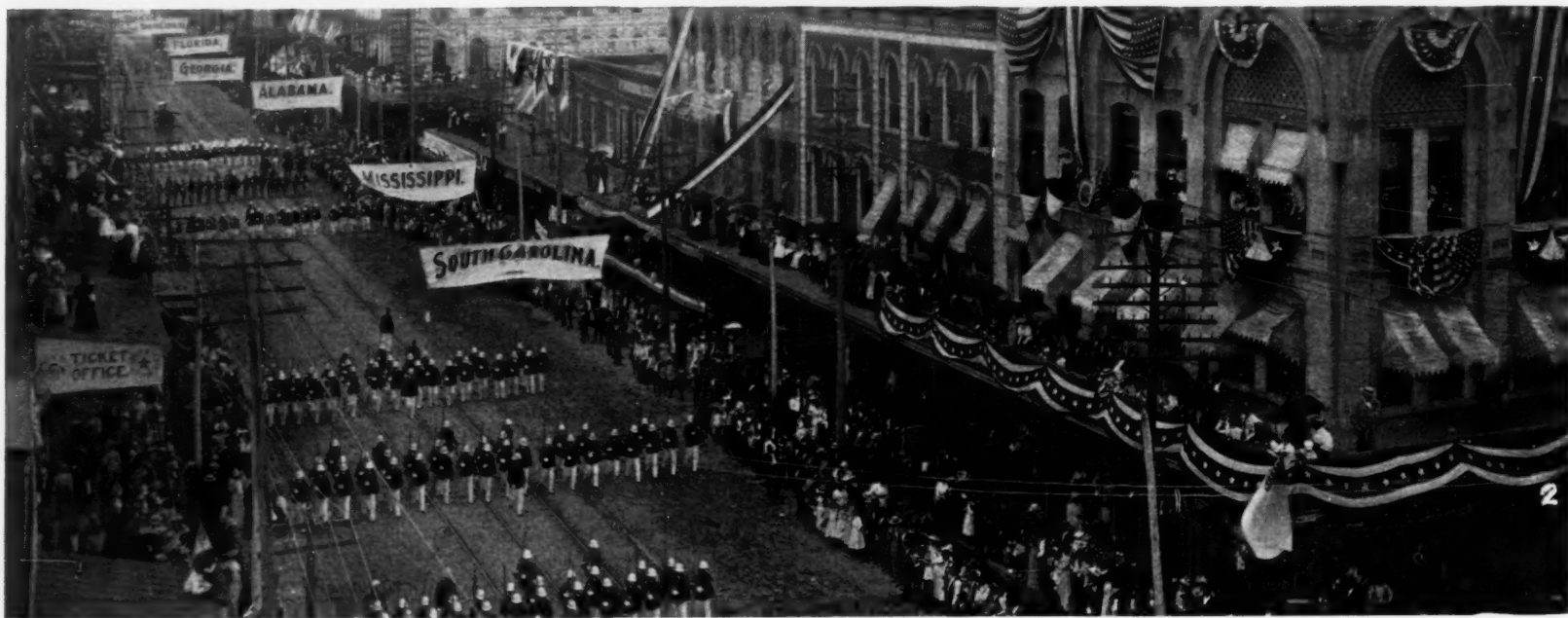
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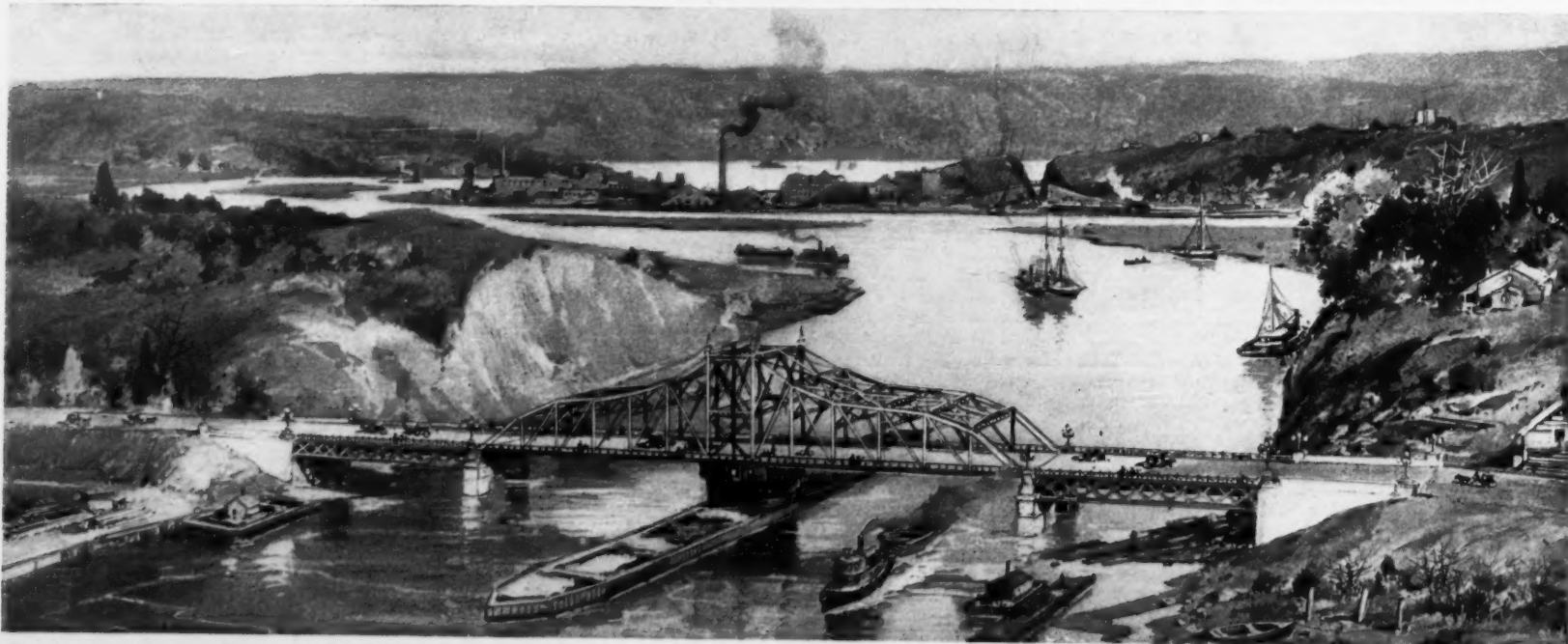


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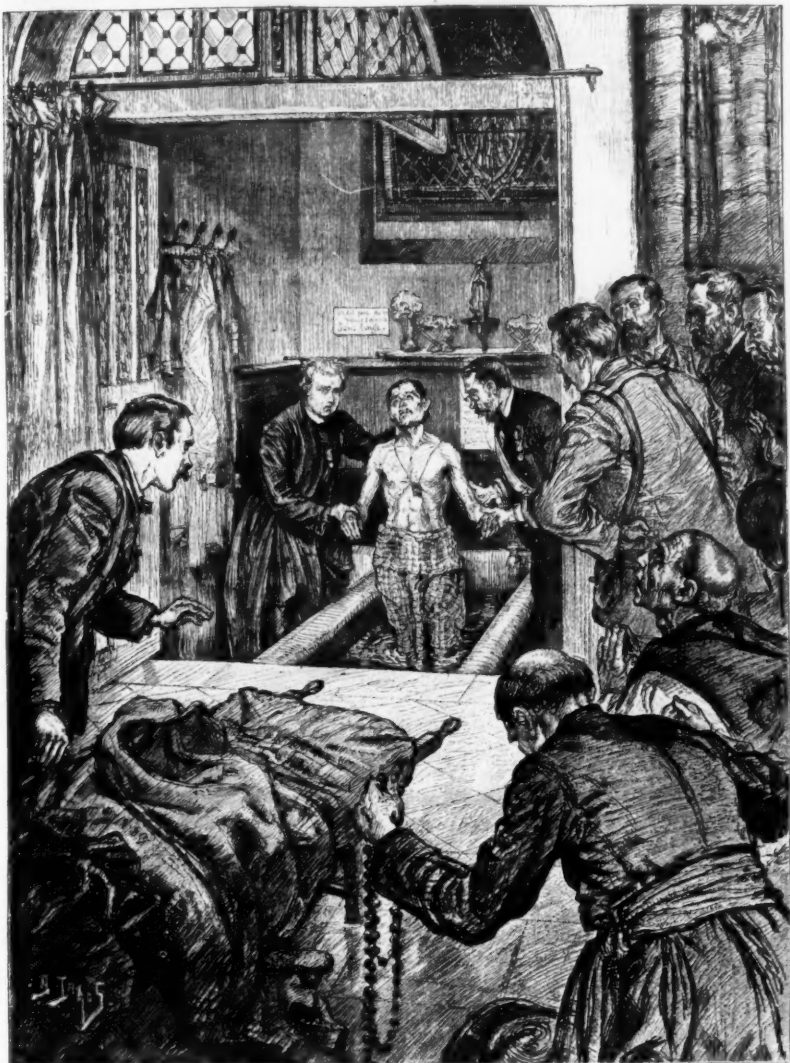


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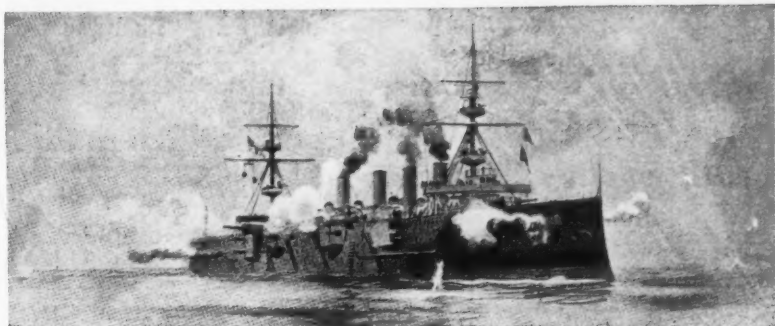
THE RECENT CONFEDERATE REUNION AND ENCAMPMENT AT HOUSTON, TEXAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 409.]



VIEW OF THE NEW HARLEM SHIP CANAL, CONNECTING THE NAVIGATION OF THE NORTH AND EAST RIVERS.—DRAWN BY W. L. SONTAG, JR.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



THE CEREMONY OF IMMERSION IN THE HOLY WELL AT LOURDES.—*London Graphic*.



THE BRITISH CRUISER "TERRIBLE," THE LARGEST CRUISER IN THE WORLD, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.—*London Graphic*.



PRIVATE RECEPTION OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN'S SON, NASRULLAH KHAN, AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—*Illustrated London News*.



THE ANNUAL FEAST OF FLOWERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.—*L'Illustration*,
BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

NEW CURE FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism, that the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who will send you treatment free by mail, postpaid. It costs you nothing.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

(N. Y. C. AND H. R. R. Co., Lessee.)

Office of the General Passenger Agent, New York, June 7th, 1895.

SPORTING EDITOR:—The arrangements for the triangular boat race between Columbia, Cornell, and University of Pennsylvania crews, taking place on the Hudson River Highland Poughkeepsie course June 21st, are fast becoming perfected.

Arrangements have been made with the West Shore Railroad to specially build a train of forty observation-cars, which will follow the race from start to finish over the four-mile course.

In selecting this course the committee has shown great judgment, as there is positively no better course, it being protected from the severe winds by the Highlands of the Hudson. The West Shore Railroad is showing a very energetic spirit in co-operating with the management of the race, it having agreed to run as many special trains as is necessary to accommodate the great crowds from points up the State and from New York City. From the present outlook it would seem that there will be over one hundred thousand people on the West Shore side of the Hudson to witness the great struggle. The course has been laid out near the west bank of the river.

The course will commence at a point opposite Varar Hospital, Blue Point, which is about half a mile below the Poughkeepsie Bridge, and extend north four miles to Krum Elbow. It is a perfectly straight course, and is located within two hundred yards of the railroad.

The committee will have its tickets on sale in the course of a very few days for passage on the specials and seats on the observation-train. Tickets at one fare for the round trip will be in force from all points to Highland.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND THE SUMMER?

HAVE you given the matter any thought? The farmers, hotel-keepers, and the West Shore Railroad have done it for you. New resorts have been established near New York and in the Catskill Mountains.

An elaborate illustrated book will soon be issued by the West Shore Railroad, giving a long list of summer homes and outing places. The work can be had free on application, or by sending six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, General Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 363 Broadway, New York.

AND MAKE MONEY AT IT.

If you only knew it, the trouble is with your digestion. If that was good you would sleep better, wake better, work better, and make more money at it. How can one "get on" when the whole system is sluggish? But people don't realize what is the trouble. A box of Ripans Tabules makes life worth living. At druggists.

TWENTY drops of Angostura Bitters impart a delicious flavor to cold drinks. Dr. Siegert's the only genuine.

CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street.

Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York City.

The Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warerooms, 149-155 East Fourteenth Street, before buying elsewhere.



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A Concentrated Liquid Extract of Malt and Hops.

It contains a greater amount of nutritious matter than any other Liquid Malt Extract in the market. For convalescents, nursing mothers, sufferers from insomnia and dyspepsia—superior to any other Malt Extract on account of its purity, and unexcelled as a pleasant appetizer, invigorant, and a valuable substitute for solid food.

At all Druggists.

TEUTONIC is a delightful Table Beverage

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A WARM BATH WITH CUTICURA SOAP



And a single application of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, economical, and permanent cure of the most distressing of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp diseases, after physicians, hospitals, and all else fail.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: NEWBURY, 1, King Edward St., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day.—Shakespeare.

AND SO, TOO, OF THE SKIN THE STATE AND INCLINATION OF THE PERSON.

CONSTANTINE'S Pine Tar Soap, Persian Healing,

if used regularly, greatly improves the complexion and brings the skin to a healthy state. This accomplished, the inclination invariably is toward its constant use thereafter for the Toilet, Bath and Nursery.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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THIRTY-ONE INFORMATION BUREAUS.

Each of the city ticket-offices of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—thirty-one in all.

Complete information in regard to rates and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

We have a great variety of books and pictures descriptive of the hotels and their surroundings. Agents are always glad to assist callers. It may pay you to consult them before laying out your route.

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May number contains photographs of Charles A. Dana, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Joseph Jefferson, Mme. Nordica, Elias B. Dunn, Mrs. Langtry, Hon. Melville W. Fuller, Cissy Fitzgerald, George J. Gould, and "Innocence."



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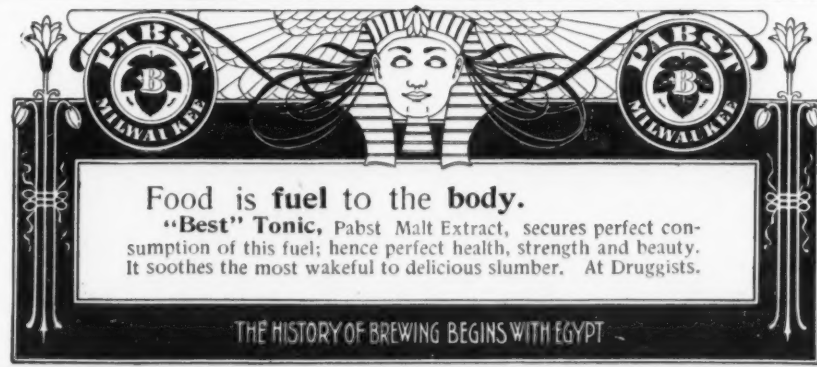
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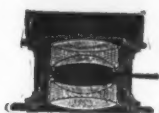


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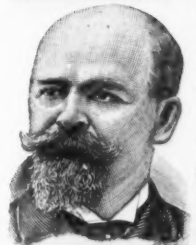
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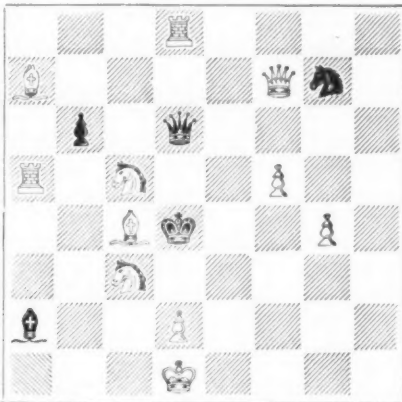
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OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 19. BY VALENTIN MARIN.
(First prize in the London Chess Monthly tourney.)
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 16. BY GANSSER.

White.
1 B to Q B.
2 B to B 4 mate.

Black.
1 Kt takes R.

Correct solutions to this pretty problem were received from Messrs. A. H. Cook, W. E. Hayward, M. I. Deane, H. K. Hutchinson, R. G. Fitzgerald, P. Hubbard, W. H. Denham, G. M. Ross, Jr., J. Hannan, Dr. Baldwin, C. B. Cluff, T. B. Miller, W. L. Fogg, P. Stafford, E. Denyse, W. Doane, C. V. Smith, G. W. Towne, C. F. Alden, "Ivanhoe," A. W. Hall, Dr. Moore, J. Willits.

Whist Practice.

MANY a good whistite, as was predicted, went astray on Problem No. 19, and were satisfied to score the odd trick. The winning of four out of five is accomplished by the following pretty play: A leads clubs ace, B diamond seven, C heart jack. A throws diamonds to B, which gives the last three tricks to C. It was correctly solved by Messrs. G. Aaron, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," E. D. Brown, J. W. Crawford, G. Coine, C. C. Doane, W. C. Easton, G. E. Earl, H. Fisher, D. G. Forbes, C. N. Gowan, C. L. Greene, A. W. Hall, E. P. Hepworth, G. Hern, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," H. H. Johnson, C. A. Jones, C. A. Kelley, M. L. Kimball, C. Knox, Dr. Lurie, C. H. Martins, C. A. Moody, Mrs. Menner, W. W. Morse, T. J. Morrison, C. A. Negus, August Odebrecht, Jr., E. J. Peck, H. W. Pickett, R. Phelps, A. G. Pitts, E. Paul, G. E. Quimby, R. Rogers, P. Stafford, C. S. Stanworth, "Singleton," "A. J. S.," J. F. Smith, S. C. Stokes, C. K. Thompson, George Turner, Dr. Underwood, W. R. White, A. D. Warner, C. Wheeler, G. G. Wise, W. Young, and A. J. Young.

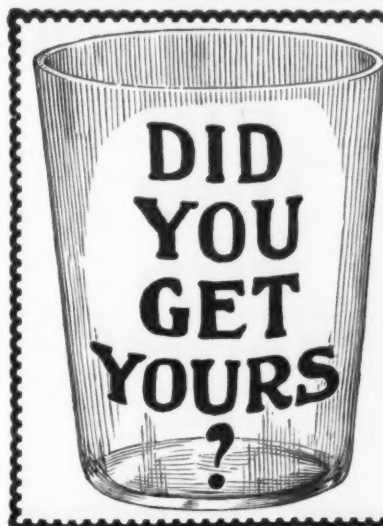
The following pretty ending, given as Problem No. 24, puzzled the members of a prominent whist circle at a recent meeting:



Trumps all out. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

SHANK'S MARE OF YE OLDEN TIMES.

During the early history of this country, before the construction of great railway systems was contemplated, Shank's Mare proved a very desirable means of locomotion. That day has passed, and the foot-sore pedestrian between St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Wichita, Pueblo, Denver, and the Rocky Mountains can seat himself in a handsome Pullman car, and count the minutes on the road as he used to keep tab on the hours of his weary march. It is the great Missouri Pacific Railway that offers mankind the above inducements. Lots more is told of in handsomely illustrated and descriptive pamphlets, guides, folders, etc., copies of which can be obtained by addressing W. E. Hoyt, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 391 Broadway, New York.



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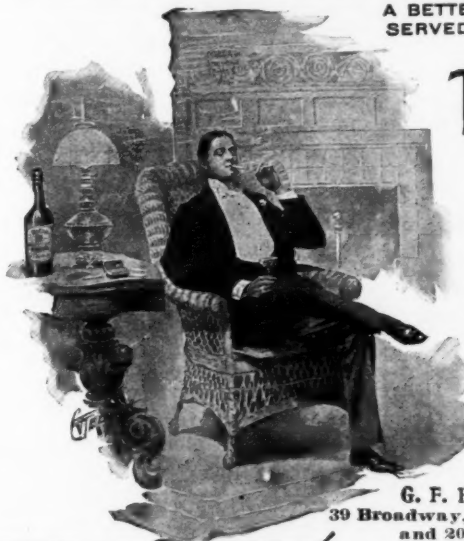
or 313 Million, 494 Thousand, 7 Hundred glasses, sufficient to give every man, woman and child in the United States, five glasses each—Did you get yours? Be sure and get some this year? The whole family will enjoy it. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Made only by

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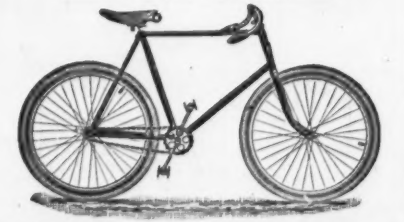
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